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CHARACTER STUDY: THE DUKE OF CLARENCE.

THERE are probably few parents who, while observing the little ways and habits of their own children, have not at times been struck by the constant recurrence in their offspring of this or that individual trait or peculiarity which they are conscious of possessing themselves. In a similar manner, in looking through any large collection of family portraits, the most casual observers cannot fail to remark that, besides the more or less general resemblance in cast of feature and expression which the majority present, every now and then there is a startling repetition of some individual face, or a living member of the family will appear who is an almost exact reduplication of some relative whose lineaments are portrayed upon the canvas. It is, indeed, probable that, if a perfect series of faithful portraits of any man's ancestors could be preserved, both on the father's and mother's side, for several generations, and also a perfect series of those of his wife's ancestors, then the distinct counterpart of each of their progeny would be found already to have existed in either one or the other series. Of course, no such perfect series of portraits has ever yet anywhere been kept by anyone. But perhaps this persistence of heredity, whether it affects physical or mental conformation, is nowhere more manifestly visible than in the unique collection of miniatures now preserved in the Queen's private library at Windsor, which extends back in an unbroken series to Tudor times and embraces a large number of collateral relatives in each generation of the English Royal Family. This persistence of hereditary type was exemplified very strongly in the case of the late Duke of Clarence. For two or three weeks after his birth he is reported by careful observers to have presented an almost exact image, feature for feature, of the Queen.

But, as is usual with young children's faces, the expression changed completely after a few months. When, again, he lay dead upon his pallet bed at Sandringham, it is reported that his features were a most remarkable facsimile of those of the late Duke of Albany. And, as might be expected, it would be no difficult matter, with the Windsor miniatures outspread before one, which contain often several portraits of the same member of the family at different periods of life, to show how the shape of the head, or that of the chin or eyes or nose or mouth were borrowed by nature from this or that one of the late Prince's progenitors.

But at the present moment it may be more interesting to dwell upon some few of the more prominent traits of disposition and character, of which these things were, after all, but the outward index. As regards many of these the late Duke was emphatically his mother's son. The fact cannot fail to have impressed itself upon anyone who was ever brought into personal contact with him and with the Princess of Wales. Such, for instance, were the gentle amiability of demeanour, the modesty, almost akin to a retiring bashfulness, the slight involuntary action of the head while conversing, the turn of phrase and expression in which his thoughts found readiest utterance. Along with these were mingled a cheerful geniality and good nature and a kindly consideration and forethought for the feelings of others that extended itself sometimes to an almost extraordinary minuteness of detail, which he no less manifestly inherited from the Prince of Wales. From his father, too, came the hearty love of field sports, and in his more vigorous healthful days the faculty of enduring an almost abnormal amount of fatigue without apparently experiencing any inconvenience therefrom. For though he was always pale of countenance and consequently often supposed to be weakly, yet in reality he seems by nature to have possessed a thoroughly robust constitution. It was remarked by Sir William Gull, as showing the great similarity between the constitution of father and son, that during the severe attack of typhoid fever that the young Prince passed through in 1877, the periods of variation of temperature, and the register of the phases of the disease day by day and almost hour by hour, were startlingly identical with those that had characterised the Prince of Wales's more famous illness five and a-half years previously.

It is a well-known commonplace that the aptitude of certain faculties is inherited and strengthened by exercise, more especially if that exercise is extended over several generations. It has been said that one of the

traits which especially attracted the attention of those who knew the late Duke as a child was the strength of his memory. Like many other children, he seems to have been fond of learning pieces of standard English poetry by heart—some of them of pretty considerable length—in order that he might repeat them to his parents on birthdays or other special occasions. But in two respects this power of memory was, in his case, somewhat curiously shown. The first was that he possessed in a peculiar degree the faculty of remembering names and faces. When once he had been introduced to any person, and clearly learnt their name, and conversed with them for a few minutes, he never afterwards seemed to forget them. However long the time that elapsed before he met them again, he immediately on seeing the same face recalled at once the name, and what he had heard originally about the person who bore it. Of course, in his position it was inevitable that the number of those who thus passed before him was very great indeed, and many who had only spoken with him for a few minutes at a time have expressed their surprise when, years afterwards, he happened to meet them, sometimes even on the other side of the globe and in the most unexpected ways, how readily he recognised them again, and without a moment's hesitation inquired regarding some relative of theirs, or some incident almost forgotten by them, but which had been uppermost in their thoughts when he had seen them years before under wholly different circumstances.

A second way in which the tenacity of his memory was manifested was the manner in which he threaded his way amid the intricacies of genealogical connection. When once he had got clearly before him the place of any historical personage, for instance, in a dynasty or pedigree, he never forgot it. Once fixed in the memory there it seemed without effort to remain, and he would speak easily and naturally of the relative positions of all who stood allied, collaterally or otherwise, with the personage in question. It would seem probable that both these actions of the memory were instinctive, and in great measure an inherited development. Though both would, perhaps, be estimated by some as of slight moment in themselves, yet undoubtedly the first often aided him in the discharge of his duty and lent a sort of spontaneous grace to his courteous and sympathetic bearing towards comparative strangers; and the second made the study of history a far more real thing to him than it would otherwise have been. Genealogy can only be counted ridiculous when it ministers to an empty pride of personal consequence

in those who are not quite sure otherwise of their own position, and all who ever saw the Duke of Clarence well know how far such pride was from his nature, and how abhorrent it would have been to the simplicity of that home life amid which the greater portion of his days was passed.

Among the influences that went to mould the character of the late Prince none was, perhaps, more potent or enduring than the warmth of the love he bore towards his mother and sisters. The Princess of Wales, in her own youth, as all the world knows, had been brought up by most affectionate parents in a literally Spartan, albeit healthy and happy, simplicity, and after her marriage she seems to have endeavoured to realise over again with her own children the ideal of that old home life. All Englishmen have rejoiced to witness how both she and the Prince of Wales have always had their children near them and about them from the earliest nursery days upwards. There has probably never been a home in England where the parental and filial relationship was more unrestrained, or where the enjoyment of mutual affection between parent and child was so absolutely without a flaw. The mother was ever with them, playing with or reading to them, encouraging their studies, taking a wise personal superintendence over everything that could in any way whatever affect the healthful development of her sons and daughters; and the fearless open-hearted converse that grew up between the mother and her elder son from childhood nothing afterwards ever came to spoil. Nothing that gave pleasure to him ever seemed too insignificant to be communicated to her, if peradventure to share it with him would give her pleasure. The mother and the sisters seemed ever to recur again and again to his thoughts; not only in his boyhood but in his youth and manhood was this constantly the case, and all who were intimate with him either while he was in the navy, or at college, or in the army, have alike remarked how often he would revert artlessly and almost unconsciously, if only by a passing reference, to the one topic that seemed ever uppermost in his mind.

He was also evidently much influenced by the constant companionship of his brother Prince George. For the first seventeen years of their lives, at any rate, it would seem as if the two brothers had been rarely divided. As boys they were seldom visible to the public the one apart from the other; they both accompanied the Princess when driving in the Park, they both rode together side by side in the Row or in the country round Sandringham; and when the day came for them, like ordinary boys, to

go to school they both began together their two years' sojourn as naval cadets on board H.M.S. *Britannia*. Whether the education given there is the best conceivable for training naval officers may possibly be an open question; but that the training which the two sons of the Prince of Wales underwent on board the ship must have been most beneficial to them there cannot be the least doubt. By all accounts they seem to have thoroughly enjoyed and profited by the daily round of work and duty. Over and above the other qualities which are formed more or less in any ordinary public schoolboy, there are three which should be the distinctive traits of character stamped on every cadet that passes through the *Britannia*. First, the habit of implicit and unquestioning obedience. Every action of the day which as a common body the cadets are called upon to perform, from the moment of their first waking in the morning up to the time for turning in at night, is done under word or sign of command. The effect of this tends to generate in those subject to it a special promptness and quick alacrity of obedience. The second distinctive mark of every boy trained there should be a faculty of self-help and ability to shift for himself under difficulties. For in their play-hours they are left more to themselves and allowed a greater freedom, both ashore and on the water, than is usually allowed to boys of the same age. Besides the cricket field they have practically a wide range of country to ramble over, and as soon as they can swim they have full liberty for sailing or rowing, two or three together, upon the long reaches of the Dart. As attention, the habit of at once fixing the mind upon the one thing required (which should be the outcome of always instantly obeying orders), makes a man or boy generally more alert at all times, so the combined influence of these two things (strict discipline when on the ship, and freedom from it when off) produces in those subject to them a certain handiness, self-reliance, and general power of taking care of themselves. The third characteristic of the training there is the effort to induce active and hardy habits, endurance of fatigue and contempt of danger, and to teach a boy that discomfort is sometimes even wholesome and necessary.

"Prince Eddy," as he was then generally known amongst his comrades, though still suffering when he first joined from the effects of his fever, seems by all accounts to have soon recovered health and strength as a naval cadet; and so well did the training appear to suit him that the bold step was taken of allowing both the brothers to go to sea together in 1879. We are assured in the preface to *The Cruise of the Bacchante* that "when the

Prince of Wales determined to send his sons to sea, it was chiefly with a view to the mental and moral training that they would receive as midshipmen in the navy. In every one of the Queen's ships each officer, man, and boy has his special and individual duties to perform every hour of the day and night, with a routine that should be as precise and unvarying as clockwork. The sense of responsibility on the part of a junior or petty officer for the men, however few they may be, who are entrusted to his charge, and the habit of implicit and instant obedience to seniors that is brought out and inculcated by the naval service, soon become to all in the ship a second nature; and every soul on board, cut off for a considerable time from all connection with the outer world, is welded together into an attached community, each grade of which is dependent in well-ordered method on the others." We are further told that "as long as they were on board ship the Princes were treated exactly like the other midshipmen, and performed all the duties which usually fell to their lot; they took their turn in all weathers by day or night at watch-keeping and going aloft, at sail drill or boat duty. There was no difference, not even the slightest, of any sort or kind made between them and their gun-room messmates." The larger portion of the three years—1879 to 1882—was spent actually at sea and out of sight of land. "There the regularity of life and freedom from all outside interruption was just what was required in the case of the two Princes for purposes of school and study, as well as for instruction in a sailor's duties. The period spent at sea was to the Princes the equivalent of a schoolboy's ordinary life; the holiday time was represented by the occasions on which they were away from the ship on leave, or when they went up country."

The two brothers traversed together while in the *Bacchante* over fifty-four thousand miles. First sailing south to Teneriffe they started for the New World in the very track of Columbus across the Atlantic from the Canaries. Christmas Day found them at Barbados, and they cruised up and down among the West Indian Islands till the following March, going as far westward as Jamaica. Thence they made their way home again by Bermuda to England. They arrived at Portsmouth in May, but started again in July for a short cruise with the Channel Squadron off the Irish and Spanish coasts; and in September began their more extended voyage with the training squadron under Lord Clanwilliam. Crossing the line, they made first for the River Plate, and anchored off Montevideo, where they kept their

Christmas. There in South America they seem to have enjoyed their experiences up country, at Durazno in Uruguay; and afterwards, at the estancias on the open pampas beyond Buenos Ayres, they obtained an insight into the life of the Gauchos and their method of catching, saddling, and mounting the wild horses and handling the cattle. Leaving the Plate, the squadron went south to the Falklands. There, at the end of January, they received the telegram from England which broke up the original programme of the cruise, that was to have taken them through the Straits of Magellan into the Pacific, and up by Vancouver across to the Sandwich Islands and Japan. The squadron was ordered to proceed instead to the Cape of Good Hope with all despatch. There they arrived at the end of February. It was the time of the troubles in the Transvaal. The squadron lay inactive in Simons Bay until well on into April. The disaster of Majuba, which happened while the Princes were in Cape Town, seems to have made an indelible impression on their minds, though they ever write in kindly terms of the Dutch at the Cape. From South Africa the squadron was ordered to Australia, and had a rough passage in "the roaring forties," while a mishap befell the *Bacchante* which might have had serious consequences. She broke her rudder, and, parted from the other four ships, lay helplessly drifting in the midst of the gale. After a time, however, she was able to bear up to Albany in King George's Sound. Here, while staying in the bush by Marbluf, they had their first kangaroo hunt and wild black swan shooting. Leaving the *Bacchante* for awhile they crossed the Great Australian Bight to Adelaide. There they stayed with several of the oldest colonists in different parts of the country, until they proceeded overland into Victoria, a six hundred miles journey by coach. They were enthusiastically received by the people everywhere, and Prince Eddy had to thank them again and again for their loyal and hearty welcome. It was his first attempt to do anything of the kind in public, and the simple and unaffected way in which he accomplished his task seems to have given pleasure to all. The two midshipmen were now transferred to the flagship, and when they left Melbourne in the *Inconstant* it was expected they would see the *Bacchante* again no more. The squadron was under orders to proceed without her to Sydney, and from thence to New Zealand. At Sydney, however, the sudden illness of the Admiral, on the very eve of their departure, again necessitated a further change of plan. They remained in Port Jackson for another fortnight, and by that time the *Bacchante*, having had

the ironwork of the damaged rudder recast at Williamstown, rejoined the squadron, and the Princes, "though very happy and jolly on board the *Inconstant*, were glad to be back once more in their old quarters, and among their own shipmates." While in New South Wales they went over the Blue Mountains by the zigzag, and also up the Hawkesbury River. Here, as in each of the five Australian colonies, they made personal acquaintance with all the Ministers, and, as they were getting older, heard different matters of importance connected with the development of Australia discussed by those who knew most about it; and thus the six months' visit to the Antipodes did the two brothers incalculable good. From Brisbane and Queensland they proceeded to the Fiji Islands. Here again they were in the tropics. Japan was the next country visited by the Princes, where the two brothers became the guests of the Mikado at Tokio, Kioto, and Nara. At Kioto they were hospitably put up for several days at the beautiful monastery of Hon-gwan-ji. All the treasures of ancient art work, many of which had not been opened before during the reign of the present Mikado, were specially displayed for their inspection. They assisted at *dakiu*, or Japanese polo; dined with *daimios* in strict native style; heard the Mikado's private band, the Reijin, playing on instruments most of them fifteen hundred years old, and never used outside the palace; shot the rapids of Katsura-gawa; and travelled over the country here and there for more than a hundred miles in *jinrikishas*, everywhere being much struck by the courtesy, vivacity, and good temper of the Japanese people. Then followed a visit to China. The squadron anchored at the entrance of the Yang-tse-Kiang; and the Princes proceeded with other comrades to Shanghai, and further up the Wuhsung River in house-boats to Kia-ching, and along the Grand Canal, the high road to Pekin, for two hundred miles into the interior. They landed several times to shoot wild deer, quail, pigeons, and hare; but the excursion was chiefly useful as affording them an opportunity for beholding the sturdy industry, the multitudinous swarms, and the strange ways and habits of the Chinese people.

After a short stay at Ning-po, Amoy, and Canton, the Princes kept their Christmas once more in British waters at Hong-Kong, the centre of English energy, enterprise, and trade in the Eastern seas. On New Year's Day, 1882, the *Bacchante* finally parted company with the squadron and sailed for Singapore, thence to Ceylon. The best part of a fortnight was spent in the island, at Colombo, Kandy, Nuwara Eliya, and other

places. On arriving in Egypt they became the guests of the Khedive just before Arabi's revolt: went up the Nile as far as Assouan, and were shown all the antiquities and temples that are now so familiar to many Englishmen. At the end of March they landed at Joppa. It is the period of the year when after the spring rains the Holy Land looks its best, and the hills and plains are for a short time carpeted with wild flowers and bright verdure. For six weeks they rode day after day from one camping ground to another, and slept the whole time under tents. Besides the usual points of interest they made a careful survey of the mosque at Hebron under Major Conder's guidance, and were the first European princes since the Crusades to penetrate to the country east of the Jordan; where they went as far as Ammân and Jerash, and crossed the Sea of Gennesaret in a native boat, in the midst of a squall of wind. After visiting Damascus and Baalbec and Lebanon, they embarked again at Beyrout in the middle of May, stayed at Athens for a time, and then joined the Mediterranean fleet at Crete. The disturbances in Egypt had already come to a head, when by Corfu, Palermo, and Gibraltar they returned to England in August.

Now, it would be absurd to imagine that two young men of their respective ages should take in fully all the information given respecting the various places and people they saw, as older persons might have done, but it would be equally idle to suppose that no permanent impressions were left on the mind and character of the young Prince by such a three years' education, and by having seen the most interesting countries of the world; in each case under the guidance of specialists, from converse with whom in a very short time it was possible to learn more than most people have an opportunity of doing by months of study through books alone.

Since those days the late Duke again more than once visited the Mediterranean, Greece, and Egypt, and further extended his travels throughout the length and breadth of India. There, under the able guidance of Sir Edward Bradford, who planned and arranged the whole tour with well-weighed care and forethought, he is stated to have accomplished with untiring perseverance even more than the Prince of Wales himself did in his stately progress in 1876. Some account of what was done by the Duke in Southern India has just been given to the public by one who was an eye-witness. Thus, in the course of his short life, the Duke of Clarence had already become practically and personally acquainted with the chief portions of the Empire; and when, the other day,

simultaneously around the globe men stopped their work everywhere on British soil for a few hours to think kindly of the dead, and to mourn with us here in England at his premature and pathetic decease, we must remember that it was no mere general sentiment of loyalty, no attachment to a formal principle that prompted that mourning, but a tender and real regard for him whom they had actually not long ago seen and heard in their midst, and whose features and bearing and manner they knew as well, if not better, than they were known by many in these islands themselves.

Here he was only beginning to be known. He had barely had time, though he was in his twenty-eighth year, to afford any adequate opportunity to the people to become thoroughly acquainted with him. Scotland he had known from his boyhood, but since he became a man he had only on a few rare occasions there taken part in any public functions. Amongst the Welsh people he may be almost said to have gone for the first time last year. In England he had spoken but a dozen times or so at various centres of manufacturing industry, or in the East of London. He had been quartered with the 10th Hussars at York and in Ireland; and though by none is his loss deplored more sincerely than by the comrades and men of his own regiment who carried his remains to their grave, yet nothing, perhaps, is more remarkable than the way in which all parties among the Irish people, whatever their political opinions may have been, have alike expressed their deep sympathy and sorrow at his death. At Cambridge indeed he passed two years, 1883-1885, and these he himself more than once termed in public the happiest of his life. While there he resided in Trinity College. His rooms were on the third storey, the attics, as they are termed, in Neville's Court, on the south side. Although to no one would it have appeared more absurd than to himself if anybody had supposed him to be clever or intellectual according to the standard that naturally prevails at Cambridge, yet at any rate he possessed the faculty of recognising ability in others, and of those whom he chose for his intimate and personal friends nearly all have since become, or are becoming, more or less distinguished in their several walks in life; four or five have become Fellows of Trinity, and two or three are already in Parliament. He attended each term Professor Seeley's University Lectures, including the Conversation Class given by the Professor at his own house, and these he was known to have thoroughly enjoyed and to have taken careful notes of their substance. He received further instruction from one of the historical lecturers of

Trinity, and from another at King's College. He must have spent six or seven hours a day in study, besides the time given to his private reading. He passed one long vacation at Heidelberg with Professor Ihne, and kept up his German reading after his return to Cambridge with a German tutor. French he had been familiar with from his earliest years, having also spent latterly some time in Switzerland with a French tutor. He spoke it easily and well. He was orderly and methodical in his appointments. He attended College chapel quietly twice on Sundays, and once or twice during the week. He generally dined in Hall, and here he sat at the Fellows' table. Practically, it would have been very difficult to have arranged satisfactorily for him to have done otherwise. He is said to have seemed always to enjoy conversing with whomsoever he chanced to find himself sitting next to at table; and in a large society like Trinity such company would vary from day to day.

Certainly no one could accuse him of affectation or giving himself airs. The most that could ever be said in his disfavour was that he appeared occasionally somewhat absent in mind, or replied to a question as if he had not heard the last remark made to him by his neighbour. Generally, on Thursday, he would have a few guests, rarely exceeding six or eight, to dine with him in his own rooms in College. To these little parties, besides his more intimate personal friends, came, in twos or threes at a time, many of the senior members of the University; and in the evening afterwards there would often be a couple of rubbers of whist, which he was very fond of and played well. In his hours of recreation he strove to identify himself with all the interests of the place. Though he belonged to the Union and sometimes attended the debates he was more often seen in the rooms of the Pitt Club. He occasionally went on the river, but having been initiated into the mysteries of rowing in his naval cadet days it did not now appeal to him as his chief amusement. Polo and hockey were the two games he appeared to like best. He sometimes hunted, but an undergraduate cannot do so except under difficulties. He was fond of open-air exercise, and constantly might be met riding, either across the open fields in late autumn, or at other times on the broad turf that borders the roads in the neighbourhood of Cambridge, with two or three of his undergraduate friends, to whom often he would give a mount on his own horses. His love of music was inherited; he nearly always attended the weekly concerts of chamber music in the small room at the Town Hall. His human sympathies with the poor and suffering were evinced by the warm interest he took

in the Toynbee Hall work in Whitechapel, and in that of the Trinity College Mission in Camberwell.

When an attempt is made to fairly estimate the character of any young man, more especially if there be question as to his fitness to occupy any given position, it is expedient not only to take into account the presence of good points, but also the absence of bad tendencies that might, had they been present owing to natural propensity or to the course of training to which the individual has been subjected, have threatened to mar his prospects of success.

The Duke of Clarence had lived more than half the span that is covered by the average life of man. During that time he had not given the smallest sign of possessing aught in his character that would militate against his capability to worthily fill the position of constitutional Sovereign of these realms, if ever it had been fated that he should hold the sceptre. He had given sure token of possessing much that in a time of crisis would have stirred the hearts of his fellow-countrymen to their depths. He seemed by nature and by training peculiarly fitted to have taken a position as head of the commonwealth, above party and above ambition. There was in him a total absence of ill-will to any man, of all ill-temper, or arrogance, or self-conceit. He was ever willing to defer to the counsels of those who were older or wiser than himself, ever ready to do promptly and gracefully that which he saw or was shown to be fitting. In judging of that fitness he was scrupulous in his desire to avoid wounding the feelings of others: he was ever intent, if possible, to give them pleasure. His honesty of purpose was at all times transparent: in word and deed he was ever sincere. His simple ideal was to do quietly and without fuss the plain duty of the moment and to leave the rest to God. His experience of men and things was already wide; had he lived his outlook on life would have been still further broadened; an increase of responsibility and of authority would inevitably have strengthened the development of his mental powers. He had a fond love for his country, and, founded on a knowledge of what she had done in the past, a firm belief in her destiny in the present and in the future. It is not wonderful that he should have inspired in his home circle and amid his relatives and friends the deepest and truest affection and regard.

WOTTON REINFRED.

By THOMAS CARLYLE.

Chapter IV.

TO Bernard, fond of adventure and hopeful of all dubious issues, these were no unpleasant words. He looked wistfully on Wotton, who, rating the speech as little more than a flourish of rhetoric, had no thought of accepting the proposal, no thought that their acceptance of it was desired. But as the stranger pulled up at the parting of the roads, and with the kindest frankness in words and looks that could not be mistaken, assured them that their presence would cause not trouble but much enjoyment; and withal, smiling on Wotton, with whom, as he perceived, lay the hindrance, told him that it were hard to part till they had talked of Scotch philosophy, the latter yielded; and so, after some complimentary formalities, our travellers turned their horses to the right along with him. Their road, or rather track, lay up a winding rocky glen and many times crossed the brook which was gurgling along its bottom to join the larger stream of the main valley.

Ascending the pass, after half an hour's incommodious riding, they found the brook, no longer fed by subsidiary springs, diminished to a rill, which also in a little while ending in a boggy delta disappeared from their side. A rough causeway, which seemed to be the work of man, conducted them across the swamp, still overshaded by craggy heights; till as they proceeded, the bog again drew to a point, and another thread of water began to indent with its tiny channel the bottom of another glen, descending in the opposite direction, but narrow, deep, winding and rocky as the former.

"*Facilis descensus Averni*," said the guide, smiling: "the worst of our road is past." Ere long, in fact, the walls of their chasm began to widen and soften; copse wood alternating with verdure mantled the steep, a shepherd's hut rose cheerful and secure in the hollow, and at the next

turn our travellers emerged into a scene which no stranger approaching it by such a road could view without astonishment.

"It is the Happy Valley of Prince Rasselas!" cried Wotton

"It is not Avernus, but Elysium!" cried Bernard.

"It is the House of the Wold," said the guide, "where refreshment and rest are waiting us."

A circular valley of some furlongs in diameter lay round them like a huge amphitheatre, broken only in its contour by the entrance of two oblique chasms like the one they had left; on its level bottom of the purest green stood a large stately mansion, which seemed to be of granite, for in the sunbeams it glittered from amid its high clusters of foliage like a palace of El Dorado, overlaid with precious metal. Behind it, and on both sides at a distance, the hills sloped up in gentle wavy curvature; the sward was of the greenest, embossed here and there with low dark-brown frets of crag, or spotted by some spreading solitary tree and its shadow; in front at a corner of the valley lay the small lake, hemmed in by woody cliffs: and beyond and around all this, ridge after ridge, higher and bluer and wilder as they receded, were seen the peaks of the mountains watching in severe loveliness, like everlasting guardians over a scene so calm.

Servants hastened out on the lawn to meet our travellers, who a few minutes after found themselves in a large parlour before the lady of the mansion.

"Dorothy, my love," said the host, "I have made a capture in the east to-day. Here are two strangers, whom we must change into friends."

"The beginning of friendship is good offices," replied she, with graceful courtesy: "you must be faint and wearied, as pilgrims are wont; and dinner will not come for an hour."

For the present our friends declined any refreshment; and after some little conversation, which could not but be general and formal, they gladly retired to their chambers, under pretext of dressing, a process which, with the scanty wardrobe of travellers, was soon enough performed, but chiefly that they might have time to consider their adventure, and collect their thoughts, which this encounter and its unexpected issue had somewhat put to rout.

The pealing of a gong in a little while summoned our friends to the drawing-room, from which in a few minutes a party of some twelve persons moved down in order to a table tastefully and plenteously fur-

nished. Sprightly conversation enlivened the repast: the company seemed singularly varied for its number; each an original in his class; men, as it appeared generally, of intellect and education, rather than of special rank or breeding; yet all animated by good humour, and insensibly participating in the gentle influences of their hosts, whose manners indicated a refinement in every point corresponding with the highest station. Their fair mistress—for, though elderly, she still bore traces of a singular beauty, a woman of the stateliest yet humanest aspect—presided over them with the graceful dignity of a queen. To Wotton the sound of her voice was melody; the few words she spoke were of the most polished, yet expressive sort; her little sentences, so meekly and opportunely uttered, stood before the mind like living images, full of loveliness and persuasion. Fain would the poor youth have spoken to her, fain have replied to her courtesies with a copiousness proportioned to his feeling of them: but his heart was pressed together by so singular an environment; he felt as if he had no right to be so splendidly welcomed, as if it were by mistake that he was here.

Other ladies also there were; young, beautiful, and blooming; visitors, as it might be gathered, from no distant neighbourhood; and not without fit gallants proud to do them service: but these fair ones skirmished only in buckram or from afar; what manner of persons they might be you did not learn; and Virgil could only have described them as *pulchram Annam, pulchramque Elisam*. With one of these Bernard entered on a sort of distant flirtation to Wotton's astonishment, who could not comprehend such audacity, or help half-envying the success it appeared to meet with. Though he had loved, he was an utter novice in affairs of love: vain had it been for Chesterfield to tell him and assure him that every woman wishes us to love her; in his tenfold diffidence and disbelief it never struck him that his approbation could be of worth to any one. He was even threatening to become absent, for sad thoughts were gathering on him: these beauties were blond; but dark locks clustered round another face far nobler; and black eyes had told him such things! Lies they were—perhaps not altogether lies! yet lovelier than any truth: it was pain to remember them, but to forget them was like a living death.

The cloth being removed, conversation, which had hitherto turned chiefly on the various personal adventures of the morning, began to take a wider range. Public occurrences and persons, glanced at rather than discussed, led the way to topics more strictly intellectual; to abstract

views of men and things set forth in criticisms, expositions, comparisons, and the other ever-varying modes by which in social hours our individual *Philosophy of Life* may be so delightfully communicated and apprehended.

To Wotton, much, indeed passionately as he liked such conversation, the tone of the present company was, nevertheless, in some degree alien: the feeling it awoke in him was one of surprise and unrest as well as pleasure. The Attic salt, that air of candour and goodness, those striking glimpses of man's nature and its sufferings and wants, had his sympathy and hearty approval; but he sought in vain for the basis on which these people had built their opinions; their whole form of being seemed different from his. Men equally informed and cultivated he had sometimes met with, but seldom or never had he seen such culture of the intellect combined with such moral results, nay, as it appeared, conducing to them. Here were fearless and free thinkers, yet they seemed not unbelievers, but, on the contrary, possessed with charity and zeal: their affirmations and denials would not harmonise in his conception. It is not always that originality, even when true and estimable, pleases us at first; if it go beyond our sphere it is much more likely to unsettle and provoke us. Of much that he heard, Wotton knew not what to determine; it was a strain of thought which suited not with any of his categories, either of truth or error; in which, therefore, he could only mingle stintedly and timidly, for he felt as if hovering in the vortex of some strange element, in which as yet he had not learned to move.

What, for instance, could he make of such tenets as this, in which, however, several sober-minded persons, their host among the number, seemed partially to acquiesce?

"Demonstrability is not the test of truth; logic is for what the understanding *sees;* what is truest we do not *see*, for it has no form, being infinite; the highest truth cannot be expressed in words."

"How is it expressed, then?" cried the brisk voice of Henry Williams; a speaker whom, alone of them all, Wotton had from the first understood.

"How is it expressed, then?" cried Wotton and several more, in tones partly of inquiry, partly of cavil.

"It is expressed oftener than it is listened to or comprehended," said the other in reply; "for our ears are heavy, and the divine harmony of the spheres is drowned in the gross, harsh dissonance of earthly things. Expressed? In the expiring smile of martyrs; in the actions

of a Howard and a Cato; in the still existence of all good men. Echoes of it come to us from the song of the poet; the sky with its azure and its rainbow and its beautiful vicissitudes of morn and even shows it forth; the earth also with her floods and everlasting Alps, the ocean in its tempests and its calms. It is an open secret, but we have no clear vision for it: woe to us if we have no vision at all!"

"Kantism! Kantism!" cried several voices. "German mysticism! mere human faculties cannot take it in." Wotton looked at this singular exotic speaker: he was a man of sixty, yet still hale and fresh; thin grey hair lay over a head of striking proportions; the face was furrowed and overlined with traces of long, deep, and subtle thought, of feeling rather fine than passionate, and this of pain as much as pleasure; there was especially a look of strange anxiety in the eyes; a look at once of vehemence and fear: indeed the whole man seemed labouring with some idea, which he longed vainly to impart, for which, while he sought earnestly some outward form, he knew beforehand that none would be found.

"My good Dalbrook," said Maurice (such was the landlord's name), "we are hard bested with these gainsayers. Do you mean that the sense of poetic beauty and moral obligation is the highest truth, and to be apprehended not by conviction but by persuasion, not by culture of the head but of the heart?"

"There is a truth of the market place," continued Dalbrook, attending little to the question; "a truth of the laboratory, and a truth of the soul. The first two are of things seen and their relations, they are practical or physically scientific, and belong to the understanding; the last is of things unseen and belongs exclusively to the reason."

"Reason, understanding? Things unseen?" cried the sceptics.

"Laplace's *Mécanique Celeste*, Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations* are full of understanding," continued Dalbrook, "but of reason there is hardly any trace in either. Alas! the humblest peasant reverently offering up his poor prayer to God, and in trembling faith drawing near to Him as to his Father; thus recognising, worshipping, loving, under emblems however rude, the invisible and eternal, has many times more reason, mixed as it is with weakness and delusion, than vainglorious doctors for whose philosophy there is nothing too hard."

"Then you think with Hutcheson that there *is* a moral faculty, and that taste and virtue are *not* the result of association?" cried a young Oxonian, with a look of glad earnestness.

Dalbrook looked down, arching his eyebrows very high. "Faculty! Association!" repeated he, with an unspeakable accent. The Oxonian fell back.

Bernard had listened with no ordinary interest. "Then pray, sir," said he, "is not this understanding like what Bacon calls his *lumen siccum;* and reason like his *lumen madidum*, or intellect steeped in affection?" The old man looked up with an air of partial contentment, but slightly shook his head. "Understanding perceives and judges of images and measures of things," said he; "reason perceives and judges of what has no measure or image. The latter only is unchangeable and everlasting in its decisions, the results of the former change from age to age; it is for these that men persecute and destroy each other; yet these comparatively are not worth the name of truth, they are not truth, but only ephemeral garments of truth."

"Then what in heaven's name *is* truth?" said an atrabiliar gentleman, whom, in spite of his politeness, the whole discussion was too evidently wearying.

"Truth!" interrupted Williams in his gay voice. "Horne Tooke's is the best of all definitions: *truth* is simply *troweth*, or that which is *trowed*, or believed. In this way we have many *troweths*, and my troweth is very different from thy troweth, and the only rule is that the one should let the other live in peace."

"It is not essential to being happy," observed our Oxonian from beside the fair Anna: "the way to happiness is plain before all men if they like to follow it."

"Ay!" said the atrabiliar, who seemed to be his uncle or some relation.

"But they miss it," continued the other, "by cowardice and indecision." The clear eyes and buxom sceptic aspect of this youth seemed to vex his relation.

"My good sir," replied he, "we have all had pretty views of it ourselves in our time. Fair and softly! There is an age when to every man life appears the simplest matter. How very manageable! Every why has its wherefore; this leads to that, and the whole problem of existence is easy and certain as a question in the *Rule of Three. Multiply the second and third terms together, and divide the product by the first, and the quotient will be the answer!* Trust me, friend, before you come to my time of day, you will find there is a devilish fraction always over, do what you will; and if you try to reduce it, it

goes into a repeating decimal and leads you the Lord knows whither. Life happy!" continued he: "what thinking mortal ever found it so? Which of us might not say with Swift: I have had hours that might be tolerated, but none which could be enjoyed, and my life in general has been misery? Show me a man that is happy, and I will show thee a man that has—an excellent nervous system. Williams, when you write again, it should be an essay on the *Comforts of Stupidity*."

"I have sometimes taken that matter into consideration," answered Williams, "but I fear I should vote rather against you. Much, much depends on the nerves; but something also on prudence and wise management. On the whole, too, I think Nature is kind to us, and it is a blessing to exist: there is more of happiness in life than of misery."

"To me the contrary is clear as noon," said the other; "and have not all countries and stations recorded opinions in my favour? 'Man that is born of a woman is of few days, and full of evil,' says the Patriarch. 'He is born to trouble, as the sparks fly upwards.' 'It is better to sit than to walk,' says the Indians; 'it is better to sleep than to wake; but to be dead is best of all.'—When an infant was presented for consecration to a Mexican priest, his address to it was, 'Remember that thou art come into the world to suffer; suffer then, and be silent!' What more can any of us say?"

"But there is a fairer land on the other side of the dark waters," said Dorothy, meekly, "where pain and sin are banished. This is but a winter day's journey to a home that is glorious and enduring."

"Alas!" ejaculated he, lifting up his fingers from the bottom of his glass, then slowly restoring them, without farther speech, then looking up with a smile. On the whole, this gentleman had no look of death, but rather of jollity and social well-being. At dinner he had done fair duty, his wine he was sipping, moderately, and not without relish, while he talked in this lugubrious dialect, and to what spleen soever might be lurking about his heart, these speeches were evidently giving comfortable vent.

"Surely, sir," said Wotton, who, in spite of similarity in thought, sympathised but ill with him, "if your opinion is correct, there ought to be a change in our social arrangements. Nay, what use is there for social arrangements, or aught else in this life, since life itself is an evil, and there is nothing beyond it? Let us pay off our clergy, pull down our parish churches, and on the ruins of each establish simply a bag of arsenic for the good of the parish. It might be kept up by contribution,

and would save us tithes. We could have it suspended on a pole, with this superscription, 'Ho, every one!'"

The atrabiliar himself was forced to join in the laugh, which rose on all sides at his expense. "A hit! A palpable hit!" cried Williams. "The arsenic-bag, the arsenic-bag for ever! The death of all blue-devil philosophy!" cried the others.—"Young gentleman, I must owe you a thrust," said the atrabiliar, laughing; "for the present, your arsenic is too strong."

"Nay, cousin, you deserve it," said Maurice, "for the cause is radically bad; even if true, you were wrong to urge it. Does not the adage say, 'Speak no evil of your own'? This life, be it what it may, is all that has been given us, to mend or to mar, to hold and to have for better for worse; and not by reviling and contemning what is bad in it, but by arranging, furthering, augmenting what is good shall we ever turn it to account. Fie! would you list under no better flag than the devil's? Your arch fault-finder is the devil; it is no one's trade but his to dwell on negations, to impugn the darkness and overlook the light; and out of the glorious All itself to educe not beauty but deformity."

"I believe," added Williams, "there is generally in this very trite topic one of those ambiguities in language, which logicians are so frequently beset with, and this chiefly occasions the dilemma. When we speak of happiness and being happy, we half unconsciously mean some extra enjoyment; if I may say so, pleasure; some series of agreeable sensation, *superadded* to the ordinary pleasure of existing, which really, if free from positive pain, is all we have right to pretend to. In place of reckoning ourselves happy when we are not miserable, we reckon ourselves miserable when not happy. A proceeding, if you think of it, quite against rule! What claim have I to be in raptures? None in the world, except that I have taken such a whim into my own wise head; and having got so much, I feel as if I could never get my due. It is with man and enjoyment as with the miser and money: the more he gets the more he wants."

"It is our vanity," said Maurice; "our boundless self-conceit. Make us emperors of the earth, nay, of the universe, we should soon feel as if we deserved it, and much more."

"Poor fellows!" added Williams. "And so when the young gentleman goes forth into the world, and finds that it is really and truly *not* made of wax, but of stone and metal, and *will* keep its own shape, let the young gentleman fume as he likes; bless us, what a storm he gets

into ! What terrible elegies, and pindarics, and *Childe Harolds*, and *Sorrows of Werther !* Oh, devil take it, Providence is in the wrong ; has used him (sweet, meritorious gentleman) unjustly. He will bring his action of damages against Providence ! Trust me, a hopeful law-suit ! "

" We are too apt to forget," said Bernard, " that for creatures formed as we are, all permanent enjoyment must be active not passive. Without evil there were for us no good ; our condition is militant ; it is only in labour that we rest. Our highest, our only real blessedness, lies in this very warfare with evil. Let us conquer it or not ; truly an abundant blessedness, but which, as you remark, we seldom take into account in our estimates of life. Weighing the attainment, we find it light, and the search must go for nothing. We would have a paradise of spontaneous pleasures ; forgetting that in such a paradise the dullest spirit would and must grow wearied, nay, in time unspeakably wretched."

" Yes," added Maurice, " the lubberland of the old poets in an impossible chimera ; impossible, even in the region of chimeras."

" Yet it is this very lubberland," said Bernard, " which so many pilgrims are seeking, and in despair because they cannot find."

" Most know not what they are seeking," said Wotton, " but wander with the crowd, picking sloes and brambles by the way ; others run hither and thither, now after this gewgaw, now after that. Pilgrims also we have, walking apart, with their faces set on distant glorious landmarks ; but your sloe-and-bramble men are the happiest."

" In spite of your arsenic," said the atrabiliar, " I half suspect you agree with me ; in a private corner you would say, there is little happiness in the world, and that little chiefly for fools."

" Happiness is not man's object," said Dalbrook, awakening from a muse. " He does not find it, he ought not to seek it, neither is it his highest wish."

" Wish ? " cried Williams. " Nay, Dalbrook, of all your paradoxes this is the most paradoxical."

" Pleasure and pain," continued the other, little moved, " are interwoven with every element of life : to love the one and hate the other is the essence of all sentient natures, nor for a nature nearly sentient is there any higher law. But was man made only to feel ? Is there nothing better in him than a passive system of susceptibilities ? Can he move only like a finer piece of clockwork when you touch this spring and stop when you touch that other ? Is his spirit a quality, not a

substance? has it no power, no will? And is his freedom, that celestial patent of nobility, the crowning gift of God, to mark him for the sovereign of this lower world, a mockery and a lie? O philosophy! O heaven-descended wisdom! what hast thou been made to teach! In thy name cozeners have beguiled us of our birthright and sold us into bondage, and we are no longer servants of goodness, but slaves of self. My friends!" continued the old man, with a singular half-natural, half-preaching tone, "I say to you this is false and poisonous doctrine, and the heart of every good man feels that it is false, and well for him if he pluck it out and cast it away for ever! If not, farewell to all religion, all true virtue, all true feeling of the beautiful and good, all dignity of life, all grandeur beyond it! Nature, indeed, is kind, and from under the basest philosophy some gleams of natural goodness will break forth! nay, thank heaven, righteousness and mercy are everlasting inmates of man's spirit, overcloud them as we may; but all that any creed can do to banish them, this does."

"By day and night!" cried Williams. "This is wondrous strange. Must a man become vicious because he wishes to be happy? Because he wishes to be happy? no; but because he wishes nothing more, yes, doubtless. What is virtue? tell me. A task to be performed for hire? This is not virtue, but profit and loss. If ye do these things that good may come, what reward have ye? Do not even the Pharisees the same?"

"But is not Heaven promised to the Christian as a recompense? Of Heaven and the Christian we might have much to say, but this is not the time for it. One thing I am sure of: no Christian man was ever a Christian because he hoped for Heaven, or would cease to be so, though that hope were taken from him. Nay, hear me: true religion is grounded not on expectation, but on vision; not on paltry hopes of pleasure, satisfaction, happiness, whatever you may name it, but on all-pervading, soul-subduing, infinite love of goodness. Self is self, whether its calculations end with the passing day, or stretch to the limits of eternity."

"Wire-drawing," murmured the atrabiliar. "Metaphysical quibbles," said he.

"I am afraid," said Williams, "if you push matters so far, there are few of us will stand your scrutiny. To say nothing of Utilitarians, Epicureans, and other tribes of the avowed alien; it seems to me that many an orthodox devout person, if tried by this electrometer, might

find himself in a shockingly negative state. Self-seeking, if you so understand it, is certainly the staple of human principle; for my share, I will confess, I find it difficult to see how any living creature *can* act on any other. If you told me, 'This is and will be pleasant, that is and will be painful,' should I not, must I not, reject the latter and cling to the former?"

"But if I told you, 'The pleasant is and will be vicious, the painful is and will be virtuous'?" said Maurice, hastening to assist Dalbrook, who seemed to be ill at ease in argument.

"'Tis an impossible case," said the other. "Admit it for a moment; would you feel no twinge, no compunctious visiting? Nay, if I offered that you should to all eternity be filled and satisfied with pleasure, on condition that you became a villain and a fool, supposing even that I took your conscience from you, and no trace of repentance or remembrance were ever to afflict you again, would you strike the bargain without scruple? Would you plunge into the scene as into your native element? Would you hasten to it as to the bosom of a mother? Would there be no whisper of gainsaying?"

"Perhaps some whisper; but——"

"That little whisper saves us!" cried Maurice.

"It was the voice of your better genius!" cried Dalbrook.

"Perhaps only of my vanity," said Williams. "I might not like to be degraded."

"The voice at least of something which was not love of pleasure; something which the philosopher and I reckon higher, and which you yourself must admit to be different," said Maurice.

"O good heavens!" cried Dalbrook. "*Quousque venimus?* Does it require proof that there is something better in man than self-interest, however prudent and clear-sighted; that the divine law of virtue is not a drudge's bargain, and her beauty and omnipotent majesty an 'association,' a shadow, the fable of a nurse? O Prodicus! Was thy 'Choice of Hercules' written to shame us; that after twenty centuries of 'perfectibility' are here still arguing? Do you know, sirs," added he, in a lower tone, "this doctrine is the curse of Europe in our generation; the bane of all true greatness; the root of sensuality, cruelty, and Atheism? It was the creed of Rome under Nero and Caligula, when the human race seemed lost. Lost, thank God, it was not, and will not be."

"But on what motive *do* we act then, or *can* we act virtuously?" said the atrabiliar, with impatience.

"Possibly on no *motive* at all, in that sense of the word motive," answered Dalbrook. "One of the wisest men now living has told us, as applied to art, 'Of what is wrong we are always conscious; of what is right, never.' The virtue we are conscious of is no right virtue. But, come," added he, "Williams is smiling incredulous, Frank is suspending me *naso adunco*, our young friends are wearied. I move that we exchange our wine for coffee, and the thorns of philosophy for the roses of beauty."

"One of the wisest things you have said," cried Williams. "Will you lead the way?"

Chapter V.

Before parting for the night it had been settled that our travellers were not to depart the next day, or the next; an arrangement to which, entreated as they were by such friendly hosts, and tempted by so many fair enticements, they had consented without difficulty. Bernard in particular was charmed with the valley and its inmates, and eager to penetrate still farther into the secrets and affections of so singular and gifted a household; of whom, as was his way, he felt ready to believe all good. Wotton, again, with less hope of the adventure, had perhaps still deeper curiosity respecting it. On retiring to his room he could not but wonder in contrasting his present mood with the mood of yesternight. An unusual, almost painful, excitement had stirred up many latent energies, crowds of confused images and all manner of obscure anticipations and ideas were whirling through his mind, the very basis of which had been assailed and shaken; while the gorgeous scenery, as of a new world of thought which he had only beheld in brief dreams, seemed now to advance before him in living reality. The figures of the past, the present, and future were tumultuously mingled in his head till sleep sank over him like an ambrosial cloud, and hid him within dreamy curtains from his cares.

Next morning he was on the hills with Williams. The rosy precincts of the House in the Wold were out of sight, and the two were pretending to botanise. We say pretending, for neither of them was intent on the matter; to Wotton, at least, the science of botany was uninteresting, indeed, unknown, or known only as a tedious beadroll of names. Williams, however, was a mineralogist also, and a pleasant, lively man.

"The mountain air is pure," said he, "and the brown hill-tops in their solitude are a pleasure to look on. We shall go by cliff and tarn, and 'interrogate Nature' as well as any of them. Oh," continued he, "does it not do your heart good to think of Nature being interrogated? To see some innocent little whipster, with a couple of crucibles, and pith-balls, and other like small gear, setting forth in such gaiety of spirit to cross-question Nature? By heaven! I think Nature must be the queen of dolts if she don't bamboozle him!"

"The Book of Nature," said Wotton, "is written in such strange intertwisted characters, that you may spell from among them a few words in *any* alphabet, but to read the whole is for omniscience alone."

"So each walks by his own hornbook," said the other; "and whatever contradicts the hornbook is no letter but a flourish. *As the fool thinks, the bell clinks,* our adage says; and so it is here as well as elsewhere."

However, it was not to interrogate Nature that Wotton chiefly wanted; but, rather, to interrogate his new acquaintance on matters nearer home.

"I may confess to you," said he, "I am in no scientific mood at present. The sudden change of my scene confuses so young a traveller; indeed, this House of the Wold is still a riddle to me; and of much that I saw and heard last night, I knew not and yet know not what to make. Will you give me a little light, for I am wandering in dark labyrinths? Among all our philosophers there was none whom I so well understood and sympathised with as yourself. Can you explain to me what manner of persons I am got among, that so kindly welcome me, and instruct me in such wondrous doctrine?"

"Willingly," cried his companion, "so far as may be; but I myself am only a purblind guide, so have a care that we do not both fall into the ditch. You say truly, this House in the Wold is a riddle; we are altogether a surprising household, varying from week to week as visitors arrive and go, yet still differing from all other earthly households. Come when you will, you shall find a circle of originals assembled here; the strangest mortals with the strangest purposes, attracted as by magnetic virtue to the place; in figuration still you might think Proteus was returned to the world, and had driven all his flock to visit the lofty mountains, as in the era of Deucalion. Artists, poets, sciolists, sages, men of science, men of letters, politicians, statesmen, pedagogues, all find place; one only condition is required, so far as I can see: that the

man be something, and this something with a certain honesty of mind; for knaves and scoundrels of the most amusing cast I have known ere now packed off decisively enough.

"But to particulars! And first o' the first. Our noble hosts are persons whom, however we may wonder at, no one that knows them can speak of without reverence. Maurice Herbert is by possession and descent the sovereign of this quarter of the mountains; a man naturally of talent, generosity, and resolution, whom a life of various activity, not unmixed with suffering, has moulded into a character of singular composure and humanity. You will find him well and universally informed; polished by intercourse with court and camp; for he has seen the world under both these aspects; indeed, his natural endowments and connections seemed to appoint him as if from birth for public life; but his philosophic tastes, joined to a certain almost haughty inflexibility of spirit, and also, I believe, to some cruel domestic afflictions, soon drove him back into retirement. His lady and he have been wedded some twenty years, most part of which they have passed in this valley. They have no children; at least they are now childless; though thereby hangs some secret, for a tale goes of one child having been mysteriously stolen from them while abroad; but on this subject you shall never hear them speak, nor is it safe to question them. For the present they may be said to live, or, at least, to endeavour to live, in the element of intellect and well-doing; their hospitable house is open to all good men; persons of culture, and still more of any worthy purpose or decided capacity, they study to attract and forward by all kind appliances, of which, with such ample means, there are many in their power. With the neighbouring gentry, all this passes for quixotic or even hypocritical; nor will I deny, such is the imperfection of human things, that a certain spicing of vainglory mingles with so much benevolence; but who would quarrel with goodness because it is not perfection? If Maurice Herbert cannot claim the praise of charity and active public spirit, there are few men in England who will deserve it. Far and wide he goes and sends and gives in furtherance of all improvement and useful enterprise; making this, indeed, his occupation, the chosen business of his life. To-day, for instance, he is out with your friend Bernard; if I mistook not, there was something in the wind. It is true, there can no Utopia be realised on earth, and many a time the pure element in which a man like Maurice moves and works will be polluted by baser admixtures; but for constancy of generous endeavour, nay, I

may add, for real importance of result, his manner of existence is to be applauded and prized."

"But does he believe in Dalbrook's mysticism?" inquired Wotton.

"That he believes I should somewhat doubt, though he constantly defends it. But he has a love for all high things, and no darkness or exaggeration can utterly destroy his favour for them. What his own opinions are you will find it difficult to learn, for he seldom contradicts and never dogmatises, having boundless tolerance for honest speculation, and being himself singularly uncontrollable in thought as well as purpose. Indeed the grand feature of his mind and conduct is this same vigour of will; for meek as you will always see him, Maurice is an autocrat over himself; whatever lies within his sphere must be mastered, cost what it may. It is thus that he has retired from the world of politics and fashion to a world of his own. In morals, also, he is a sort of Stoic, and naturally, for he enjoys little happiness and hopes little—at least, so in spite of his equanimity, I have many times suspected. To such a mind that subtle doctrine of the *summum bonum* may not be so foreign."

"A goodly gentleman," said Wotton, "you have shown me, and one whom it were a pride and pleasure to belong to. But now what of this philosopher, this mystic Dalbrook? Am I to think him fatuous or inspired? What with his truth and happiness, what with his understanding and his reason, my wits are altogether muddled."

"I cannot wonder," said Williams, "the man does generally pass for mad, and sometimes I fear he will infect us all. For really, if you watch him, there is curious method in his madness, and that huge whirlpool of a mind, with its thousand eddies and unfathomable caverns, is a kind of maelström you were better not to look on lest it swallowed you, unless, indeed, you first cast anchor at a safe distance, which I have now learned to do. Good heavens, how he talks! The whole day long, if you do not check him, he will pour forth floods of speech, and the richest, noblest speech, only that you find no purpose, tendency, or meaning in it! A universal hubbub, wild it seems to you, with touches of seraphic melody flitting through the boundless, aimless din of anarchy itself.

"On the whole, I will confess to you, I cannot rightly understand this Dalbrook. Absurdities innumerable I might laugh at in him, but I see not rightly how his folly is related to his wisdom. Such discord may in part be harmony not understood. He is undoubtedly a man of

wonderful gifts, acquirements almost universal, of generous feelings, too ; on the whole a splendid nature, yet strangely out of union with itself, and so alloyed with inconsistencies that in action it is good for nothing, and with its vast bulk revolves rather than advances. His very speech displays imbecility of will ; he does not talk with you but preaches to you ; his thoughts are master of him, not he of them. Accordingly, with all his fine endowments he has effected little, scarcely even the first problem of philosophy, an independent living. Maurice loves and honours him, else matters would go hard. In fact, the man has an unspeakable aversion to pain in all shapes, and among the rest to labour ; this, I take it, is the secret of his character. With the loftiest idea of what is to be done, he does and feels that he can do nothing ; hence a dreary contradiction in his life, a constant self-reproach, and to help himself he only talks the more. In this way I interpret his exaggerated schemes of virtue, his misty generalities in science, the whole dreamy world where his mind so likes to live. Poor Dalbrook ! He was made to be a Brahman or a Gnostic, and he found himself an unappointed English scholar, and the task of living would not prosper with him. Much he talks of writing and teaching, and day after day he reads all manner of supernatural metaphysics and the like ; but what will it come to ? And yet it is a thousand pities, for there is finest gold in him if it could be parted from the dross."

" How does his practice correspond with his stoical theories of virtue and happiness ? " inquired Wotton.

" Indifferently," answered Williams ; " idleness is no propitious soil for virtue, and, as we have seen, he cannot work. With all his generous humanity in the gross, you shall often find him spiteful and selfish in detail. Mean men have obtained preferment, and he is unpreferred : then while he despises them, he cannot help half envying. The world has used him ill, and he has no stronghold of his own where he might abide its shocks in peace, nay, love it, pitiful as it is ; but wages a sort of Bedouin warfare with its arrangements ; an employment in which no one can appear to advantage. Yet certainly he wishes to do well ; and his sins are of omission not commission. Let us pity the good philosopher ! He was made for a better world than ours, and only in the Heaven, where he looks to arrive, can his fine spirit be itself.

" But now," continued he, " I must speak of Burridge whom you poisoned last night with arsenic. Frank, in spite of his atrabiliar philosophy, is no bad fellow ; his liver, I believe, is wrong, but his heart

is not. A man of birth and wealth, with sense enough to see what is wrong, but scarcely what is right, sits in Parliament legislating after the manner of an English squire; hunts at home or abroad when he is not voting; believes in Hume; curses the badness of the weather, the villainy of men, the derangement of the universe at large; yet, strange enough, feels withal that he must vote with ministers, and Church and State be supported; both are false, but bad might be worse. A Manichean I might call him, or rather an Arimanian, for in theory his *sole* God is the devil, since he worships nothing but necessity; yet such are the contradictions of human nature, you shall meet few better men than this same Burridge with the basest creed; just, frank, true-hearted to a proverb, nay, as occasion offers, generous if not benevolent, his life puts to shame many high-sounding professors, and shows what metal there must be in English character that can resist such calcination, and still be metal. Frank is a contradiction; he piques you into loving him."

"Maurice called him cousin," said Wotton.

"They are related, I believe, but chiefly by old acquaintance, nay, on Frank's side, I might almost say discipleship; he reverences Maurice, asks his counsel, and in all domestic arrangements walks by his light. Every summer he is here with his household; his son, the Hutchesonian philosopher, you saw last night; his lady and his nephew are expected to-morrow; they are on a visit in the neighbourhood, whither Frank would not attend them. You will mark his nephew, a fellow of some substance, for good or evil, I know too little of him to say for which."

"Is he a scholar, too?"

"Oh, nowise," said the other; "a man of action this, bred among drums, gunpowder, fire, tempest, and warfare; he is a soldier, every inch a soldier, has fought and stormed across the world, and is now resting with his medals and his laurels and the rank of major, and fair prospects every way. He is heir apparent to our landlord, I believe, though Maurice does not seem to like him over much,—a thing I hardly blame him for, but you yourself shall judge."

"And his aunt?" inquired Wotton. "A faded dame of quality, who will not recollect that autumn is no summer. She has been fascinating once, nay, is so still, for she is lively, clever, and by help of the toilette even pretty. She has some real virtues, and many graces; but if old age overtake her, as is like it must, she will surely go distracted, unless, indeed, she take to saintship, or *bluism* which is worse."

"You are no friend to Blues, then?"

"I profess a kind of enmity to cant, wherever I may find it, but on the whole I think the poor Blues have hard measure among us."

"We forgive the fashionable woman many follies while she courts distinction in the sphere of common vanity; why should we refuse a similar tolerance to folly in the sphere of literature? The motive is the same in both cases, self-conceit, and undue love of praise, while the means in the latter case are often the more innocent."

"After all," said Williams, "cant is the great cosmetic and enamel of existence, the cheap and sovereign alchemy for making crooked things straight and rough places plain; why should I quarrel with it, I that need it so much myself, nay, so many times are forced to use it?"

"You?" said Wotton; "surely of all the men I have ever met with, you seem the most free from cant."

"Ah! how little you know of it," replied the other; "few can avow distinctly to themselves what they are aiming at, can weigh in a fair balance the worthlessness of their whole craft and mystery, and see without blinking what pitiful knaves they are. It goes against the grain with one to feel that with incessant bustle, he is doing nothing but digest his victuals! Many a time when I leave our chancery court, and find three bushels of briefs piled up on my table, I say to myself: 'Well, Jack, thou art a man useful in thy day and generation, here is much gall peaceably evaporated, much wrong prevented; law is a noble science!' instead of saying: 'Well, Jack, thou art a man lucky in thy day and generation, here is much corn and wine converted into ink, much right delayed; law is a sleek milk-cow whence thou hast thy living.' And so it is with most trades that men trade in under the sun. If you viewed them without magnifiers you would find that the result was much the same. Life is a huge treadmill; if you don't step forward, they trample you to jelly; and if you do step forward for a century, you are exactly where you started. Good Cant! Now she tells us this is a journey towards a noble goal with prospects of this and that on the right and left; it is a journey, as I tell you. Long life to Cant! If it were not she, we might hang and drown ourselves, and with her one can live in surprising comfort."

The conversation of his new acquaintance could not but amuse our hero, however little it might satisfy him.

To be spoken to with such attention, and so confidentially treated by a man of influence and talent was in itself gratifying, and still more so by

its rarity in Wotton's previous experience ; for it was seldom that his hap had led in the way of such people, and much seldomer that he had found them so divested of vanity as to give their minds free play and forget in his presence that he being little and they being great, it behoved them to trample on him, or at least to astonish and overawe him. Williams was none of those painful persons ; he cared too little about anything on earth to vex himself or others for it ; the basis of his philosophy was : Live and let live. With a gay kind guileless heart, and the clearest and sprightliest perceptions, he was the most attractive of all unbelievers. Intelligence and courteous pleasantry sparkled in his eyes ; he was of quick sensation, yet not irritable, never deliberately vindictive ; for nature had so blandly tempered him, that he could wish no injury to any living thing. Without effort, he habitually forgot self and the little concerns of self, and mingled with trustful entireness in the feelings of the place and hour, even while his judgment despised them. Nothing could be kindlier than his contempt, which indeed extended far and wide, embracing with a few momentary exceptions the whole actions and character of man, his own not excluded, nay rather placed in the foremost rank of pettiness. For moral goodness and poetical beauty, save only as pleasurable sensations, he had no name ; yet few men had a keener feeling or a better practical regard for both ; he was merciful and generous, he knew not why : and a great character, a fine action, a sublime image or thought struck through his inmost being, and for an instant gleaming in every feature with ethereal light, the gay sceptic had become a worshipper and a rapt enthusiast. These, however, were but momentary glows, reflexes of a strange glory from a world which he had never dwelt in, which he knew not, and soon lost in the element of quiet kindly derision and denial where he lived and moved. They consorted ill with his philosophy of life, and might have made him doubt it, had he taken time to search it to the bottom ; but time was wanting in his busy sphere, jostling for ever among selfish men and their pursuits, he believed as they believed, and such contradictions pleasant or painful with which his own kinder nature now and then warned him of his error he heeded little, or loosely referred to that unknown infinitude which encircles all human understanding, mocking it with phantasms and inscrutable paradoxes which, thought Williams, he is wisest who heeds least. In this way had the man grown up to middle age, the light and not unlovely product of benignant nature striving with perverted culture, professedly a sceptic, unconsciously a believer and benefactor : all men wished him well, and

if more serious critics missed in Williams any earnestness and true manliness of purpose, they too were often captivated in his gay fascinations, and forced to prize him as a thing if not as a man, and to like if they could not love him.

In manifold narration and discussion the hours passed swiftly on, till without singular advancement to the science either of botany or mineralogy, but with the consciousness of having spent a pleasant day, our two friends found themselves again descending into their hospitable valley, under some fear of being stayed for by their company. Burridge had caught some wonder-worthy fishes; his son had been listening to Dalbrook lecturing under the elm-rows and shady garden-walks, as in the groves of a new Academe; Bernard and Maurice were returned from a visit in some neighbouring valley. All seemed contented with their morning's work; the Lady Dorothy with her two fair secretaries, studious like her of household good, found that they had laboured for no unthankful guests.

On this occasion it was moved and agreed that the party should withdraw with their wine and coffee to the garden-house, not quitting the dames, whose harps and melodious voices were to heighten and as it were vivify with music the other charms of a scene and evening so lovely. Embowered in the richest foliage, in front of them the fair alternation of lawn and thicket, of bush and fruit-tree, and many-coloured flower-bed, stretching far and wide, cut with long winding walks, in mellow light, and silent, save when from his green spray the thrush or blackbird was pouring his gushes of harmony in many a linked bout, around them towering clusters of roses, and the hues and odours of a thousand flowers, and beyond all, in the remote distance, the slopes and peaks of the mountains sparkling in the glow of evening, our friends were soon sociably seated in their little garden-house, the front of which had been thrown open to admit so many kindly influences.

In such hours, when all is invitation to peace and gladness, the soul expands with full freedom, man feels himself brought nearer to man, and the narrowest hypochondriac is charmed from his selfish seclusion and surprised by the pleasure of unwonted sympathy with nature and his brethren. Gaily in light graceful abandonment and touches of careless felicity, the friendly talk played round the table; each said what he liked without fear that others might dislike it, for the burden was rolled from every heart; the barriers of ceremony, which are indeed

the laws of polite living, melted into vapour, and the poor claims of me and thee, no longer parted and enclosed by rigid lines, flowed softly into each other; and life lay like some fair, unappropriated champaign, variegated indeed with many tints, but all these mingling by gentle undulations, by imperceptible shadings, and all combining into one harmonious whole. Such virtue has a kind environment of circumstances over cultivated hearts. And yet as the light grew yellower and purer on the mountain tops, and the shadows of these stately scattered trees fell longer over the valley, some faint tone of sadness may have breathed through the heart, and in whispers more or less audible reminded everyone by natural similitude, that as this bright day was coming towards its close, so also must the day of man's existence decline into dusk and darkness, and the night come, wherein all image of its joy and woe would pass away and be forgotten.

In the fair Anna, at least, we cannot but suspect the presence of some such intrusive thought, for by degrees she had withdrawn her contribution, nay, her interest, from the conversation; her look, still and pensive, was lost in the remote landscape; it seemed as if in the long eyelashes a tear were trembling. It was her turn to sing; she started from her reverie, flung her hand hastily over the harp-strings, and after short preluding in a melody half longing and plaintive, half sad and contemptuous, thus began—

What is Hope? A golden rainbow, &c.

All listened with attention, and still for a few instants after the music ceased there was silence, while the fair singer, glancing rapidly between tears and smiles over the company, then hung down her head, and seemed busy rectifying some error with her strings.

"Surely, my good Anna," said Williams, "you mean not as you sing; these dismal quatrains are fitter for a likewake than to greet so fair a banquet, amid sunshine and roses, and plenty of brave young gallants to boot!"

"Women go by the rule of contraries," answered the lady, with a smile, but rather of concealment than of gladness. "Do you know," added she, "I have work within doors, and must beg the fair banquet's pardon, sunshine and roses and brave gallants, young or old, notwithstanding. My blessing with you all!" cried she, tripping through the bushes towards the house, and making signs that she was not to be followed.

"A strange young lady," said Burridge, "and more full of crotchets than ever."

"But did you like her song?" inquired Dorothy. "Was it not in the spirit of your own bitter creed, cousin? Why, the rhymer may have meant not ill; the spirit as you say was willing, but the flesh was weak. There is no pith in the balladmonger; his wires are slack and have a husky jingle. Besides, I doubt he is an imitator."

"Neither is the spirit of his verse unexceptionable," said Williams. "His is a conclusion in which nothing emphatically is concluded, save perhaps our old friend the bag of arsenic, Frank! Really one tires of your death's head when it grins at one *too* long. This sweet singer, as you hint, is but a faint echo of Lord Byron."

"Say rather of the general tone of our time," observed Maurice. "Lord Byron was the loudest harper, but not the first or the best of this arsenical school. The keynote was struck in Goethe's *Werther*, and Europe has rung ever since with the tune and its variations."

"It is the want of the age," said Wotton. "Thousands on thousands feel as Byron felt; and his passionate voicing of emotions hitherto shapeless and crushing with a force vague and invisible was a relief to the heart that could not speak them. He was a spirit of Heaven, though cast down into the abyss; and his song, like that singing of the fallen seraphs,

> was partial, but the harmony
> (What could it less when Spirits immortal sing?)
> Suspended Hell, and took with ravishment
> The thronging audience."

"An apt enough allusion," said Maurice, "for the unbelief of men, their sickly sensitiveness and vociferous craving for enjoyment, have made the world a sort of hell for every noble nature that is not delivered from the baleful greed of the day. Our longing is towards the Infinite and Invisible: but for these our time has no symbol; nay, rather it denies their existence; substituting in their stead the shadows and reflections of a merely sensual and mechanic philosophy; and thus the highest faculties of the spirit are shut up in painful durance, or directed into false activity; thought cannot be converted into deed; what should have been worship and blessing becomes idolatry and malediction; for Self is a false God, and his rites are cruel, and end in the destruction of his votaries."

"Moloch and Juggernaut," said Dalbrook, "could but kill the body; but this, with long doleful agonies, or worse, with craftier opiate poisons, kills the soul."

"But surely," said Dorothy, "there is a truer poetry possible even for us than this frightful sort, which is built not on love but on hatred, and for all the wounds of humanity acknowledges no balm but pride."

"Which is a caustic and no balm; may corrode, but cannot cure," added Bernard.

"Oh, call not by the name of poetry," cried Dalbrook, "such fierce disharmony, which is but infuriated, not inspired! The essence of poetry is love and peace, but here is only rage and disdain. Is the poet gifted with a finer sense only to feel with double anguish the stings of pain? Was his creative faculty bestowed on him to image forth and falsely ornament deformity and contradiction? Is it *he* that should mistake the discords of the poor imperfect part for the diapason of the glorious all, and hear no fairer music in this symphony of the creation than the echoes of his own complaining? must *he* hover through existence, not like a bird of paradise, feeding on flowers, nay sleeping with outstretched wings in middle air, but like a hungry vulture, searching for the carrion of selfish pleasure, and shrieking with baleful cry when he does not find it? Shame on us! When the very high priests in this solemn temple of the universe have become blasphemers, when they deny their God, and love not the worship but the incense!"

"Bravely said, philosopher!" cried Burridge. "With your rhetoric you might persuade one that black was white; but we must not let your figures of speech mislead us. If people do feel in pain, and vexed with these same discords, how can they help it, and help complaining of it? What is your glorious all which lies far enough away, when a man has got a scurvy fraction for his own whole allotment, and can draw from it neither sense nor profit, but only trouble and grief for his life long? Was it the poor soul's own blame that he came no better off; or must he be denied the same privilege of complaining? And is he not obliged to the poet, who utters for him in soul-subduing melodies a feeling which in his own mouth would have sounded harsh and trivial?"

"If untrue, it could not sound too harsh or be too little heeded," observed Maurice.

"Nay, but true or untrue," cried Williams, "it is the general feeling of mankind at present, and will express itself in spite of us. Now, the poet

is a citizen of his age as well as of his country. It is his proper nature to feel with double force *all* that other men feel, as to give this back with double force, ennobled and transfigured into beauty, is his proper business."

"There are many things men feel," said Maurice, "which he should suppress and war against, for he has no alchemy which *can* so transfigure them. If his age is worthless and sunk, he must make for himself another; let him strive to change his degraded brethren into *his* noble likeness, not deface himself into theirs."

"But the means?" said Williams.

"By deep worship of truth and a generous scorn of falsehood, however popular and patronised. Let no momentary show of things divert him from their essence. Let him not look to the idols of the time, but to the pure ideal of his own spirit; let him listen not to the clamours and contradictions from without, but to the harmonious unison from within."

"And how will the time relish this?" said Burridge.

"Badly, it may be," answered Maurice, "but all hope is not therefore lost. Fit audience he will find though few, let him speak where he will; and if his words are sure and well-ordered they will last from age to age, and the hearing ear and understanding heart will not be wanting. *Cast thy bread upon the waters, thou shalt find it after many days!* So it is with true poetry and all good and noble things. The wheat is sown amid autumnal vapours, and lies long buried under snow, yet the field waves yellow in summer, and the reaper goes down to it rejoicing."

"Then it is not the poet's chief end to please?" said Wotton.

"His means, not his end," replied Maurice; "on the whole, in art as in morals, it seems to me, we must guard ourselves against the love of pleasure, which, admitted as a first principle, may lead us in both cases far astray. The first poets were teachers and seers; the gifted soul, instinct with music, discerned the true and beautiful in nature, and poured its bursting fulness in floods of harmony, entrancing the rude sense of men; and song was a heavenly voice bearing wisdom irresistibly with chaste blandishments into every heart."

"But what of Homer, or Shakespeare?" cried Burridge. "Methinks their science was of the meagrest; what did they teach us?"

"Much, much," answered Maurice, "that we have not yet rightly learned. They taught us to know this world, cousin, and yet to love it; a harder science, cousin, and a more precious than any chemistry or

physics or political economy that we have studied since. Look with their eyes on man and life! All its hollowness and insufficiency, and sin and woe, are there; but with them, nay, by them, do beauty and mercy and a solemn grandeur shine forth, and man with his stinted and painful existence is no longer little or poor, but lovely and venerable; for a glory of Infinitude is round him; and it is by his very poverty that he is rich, and by his littleness that he is great."

(To be concluded.)

THE LABOUR PLATFORM: NEW STYLE.

I.

THE condition of England question is still to the fore in 1892 as prominently as it was a year or two years ago. Happily we have no very extensive strike on just now, but a condition of unrest is that which prevails. The strikes of railwaymen, sailors, dockworkers, carpenters, printers, and others that have taken place have not settled the Labour question; they are simply indications that the real Labour question is rapidly ripening for solution. During 1890 and 1891 considerable progress was made in unifying the multifarious demands of the workers and giving voice to the same. No one pretends that as yet the demands of the workers have been made with the requisite coherence, clearness, and force sufficient to bring about the very great changes that many advocates of the Labour cause consider necessary. It is quite true that considerable difference of opinion exists between various sections of workers as to some proposed changes in the relationship of employers and workers, and it is also still true that much apathy characterises not a few of those whose conditions are far from being comfortable. Even so, no one conversant with the actual state of affairs will imagine that the present period of unrest is likely to give place to a period of ignorant apathetic indifference.

The stimulus given to Trade Unionism is bearing fruit, not only by the rapid growth of trade unions, but even in a more marked degree by the coming together of these various unions by the formation of Trades Councils. Some of these Councils have existed for a generation, but, until recently, they did not represent more than a minority of the organised workers, and, practically, they had but little influence, industrially, locally, or politically. Now, however, they have become properly representative of the organised workers of the United Kingdom, and are exercising a powerful influence in the country.

It may be well to explain here that Trades Councils are not

Federations of Trade Unions, each definitely pledged to support the other, financially or otherwise, in times of Labour difficulties. They are Councils of Affiliation, composed of delegates duly elected by the respective trade societies or branches of trade and labour unions, who meet together for the purpose of discussing questions that affect their common welfare, not only as regards their relations with employers, but in social and political matters also; and the main doctrine they preach is, "That all classes of Labour have a common interest, and that individuals, having learned the necessity of combination or association as against individual isolation, must now learn that isolation of a union or trade society is also to be condemned, and, therefore, whether the union is composed of skilled or unskilled workers, of men or of women, it is necessary that between each there shall be the closest possible friendship and readiness for concerted action if need be." Their meetings, therefore, are mainly educational in their character, and the executives of the respective Councils are charged with the special duty of keeping careful watch over all matters that directly affect the welfare of their constituents, not merely in the ordinary trade union sense, but equally so in matters that affect Local or Imperial Government.

In the immediate future steps will be taken by these Councils to establish educational departments, in which the requisite knowledge pertaining to the industrial problem will be imparted by qualified exponents. Already the London Trades Council has subdivided itself so as to give the necessary attention to the requirements of the kindred groups of trades; and a special department is now dealing effectively with the citizenship side of the Labour question, under whose auspices lectures and addresses will be given to enable all concerned to get a sound education upon the industrial question; and thus are the trade unionists rapidly becoming a great educational force in the country, to their own advantage and that of the community at large. A serious difficulty in the way of many of them at present is the lack of the necessary halls and lecture rooms. There are two directions in which this difficulty will be overcome at an early date, both of which indicate the health of the movement. One is by the Trades Councils themselves taking in hand the building of the necessary trades halls, with all necessary offices attached, to meet the requirements of those societies which are desirous of better central office accommodation—several Councils have projects of this nature now in hand—and the second course is that which will be rendered easy by the coming

together of the trade union and co-operative forces, the latter body having the requisite meeting places which, with the friendly understanding now rapidly developing between the two parties, will, no doubt, be much more largely used as meeting places for both sections of students of the Labour problem. This constantly-growing more perfect understanding between co-operators and trade unionists is of the utmost significance, as the two movements already embrace at least three millions of families in the United Kingdom. Thus, of our forty millions of population not less than twelve millions are directly covered by these two organisations of workers, and both of them are rapidly developing—and merging.

If we look now to the particular societies, and inquire into the nature of the policy endorsed, it will be found that provision for out-of-work periods, sick, accident, superannuation, and funeral benefits are still held to be part of, and thought by many to be the all-important functions of, the trade unions; it is nevertheless true that not only some of the more recently formed, but a considerable proportion of the long-established ones do not, and never did, provide either sick or superannuation benefits, and a number of the most effective unions, including the cotton spinners of Lancashire, do not provide out-of-work pay.

The provision of the above-named benefits and maintaining the standard of wages and working hours has been, and still is, by many trade unionists considered to be the full extent of their programme. Still, from the earliest days there have been members of these institutions who have had a conviction that it was possible and certainly desirable not merely to provide out-of-work pay, but to take such action by means of the various trade organisations in conjunction with whatever other institutions were necessary and desirable to minimise the out-of-work periods, and, if possible, ultimately abolish the necessity for any able-bodied persons being driven to enforced idleness. The former were, and are, content with the present capitalist system, while the latter call for such changes as may be necessary not only to prevent the suffering endured by those who are in enforced idleness, but also to prevent the present deplorable waste of human energy this idle time involves and to prevent the degradation and crime believed to be the direct result of the poverty this idleness entails. The distinguishing characteristic of the trade union movement to-day is the emphasising of the position just stated. The various benefits named are provided, for instance, by the Amalgamated Engineers, but a very large proportion

of them are not content to merely provide and disburse these benefits, they aim at something much higher than this, which may be stated as follows (and what applies to the engineers applies in an equal degree to other societies):—

First: To bring about such a relationship between employers and workmen as shall admit of the adjustment of difficulties by honourable and dignified negotiation, and not by strike or lock-out. This it is proposed to do by perfecting their respective organisations, expecting, as a matter of course, that the employers will also perfect theirs, and that as the outcome of this organisation there will be established the necessary courts of conciliation or arbitration to which all disputes shall be referred.

Second: The acquiring and imparting to the members generally a sound knowledge of industrial economics and applying the same to the general conduct of the trade and commerce of the country, that the same may be carried on in the interests of all instead of in the interest of some only. By (*a*) the gradual extension of co-operation —productive and distributive—on the principle of voluntary association, and (*b*), by the exercise of their voting power as citizens, acquiring such control of various departments of industry, through the Municipalities and Parliament, as shall be warranted by a knowledge of economics and rendered necessary by experience.

Thus trade unionists will be even more active on the lines of associated effort independent of legislation, and they are sure to make an increasing use of the legislative institutions also. The object aimed at is to change from relatively bad to relatively good social conditions, and those who are really anxious to bring about the change as speedily as possible will not derive any satisfaction from quarrelling over which is the best of several methods. What we may expect to find accomplished in the immediate future, with or without legislation, is the abolition of systematic overtime, the fixing of a forty-eight hour maximum working week, the abolition of the half-time system for children under thirteen years of age, the withdrawal of wives from mills and workshops, and some kind of communal responsibility recognised, making provision for those who are dislodged from their ordinary occupations by changes of fashion, of seasons, or methods of manufacture.

The latter question is one that demands urgent attention. The ordinary mechanic may be able to struggle along through weeks of enforced idleness, but thousands, yes, tens of thousands of men and

women who minister to the communities' requirements at intervals, when called upon to do so, cannot even beg or borrow sufficient to keep them from poverty-stricken disease and agonising misery. Workmen who have learned the necessity for combined action as against individual isolation, who have also learned the necessity for the affiliation of the respective sectional societies and of the federation of kindred trade societies for offensive and defensive purposes, who are learning, slowly perhaps, but nevertheless surely, the desirability of industrial co-operation in order to properly apportion duties and responsibilities, will not long be content to allow a percentage of the population to be called into being for society's welfare and then by society literally crushed to the lowest possible degradation. England cannot be free and healthy until there is an opportunity for all to obtain a livelihood all the year round. England cannot be righteous, and therefore happy, with the knowledge that our present system demands the energy of half a million people for a few months in the year, during which time they are remunerated with that which will just enable them to live, and for the remainder of the year ruthlessly throws them over to weep and wallow and starve and die, and in the doing of it to undergo terrible torture, to engender moral and physical disease, and the crime that necessarily follows.

It is the duty of all to give attention to this momentous question—trade unionists and co-operators, employers and capitalists, church goers and chapel goers, of all in short who claim to be considered citizens.

I am trying here to speak for those whose condition will not be improved when overtime is abolished and the eight-hour day an accomplished fact, who would still be in the same predicament they are now in though half of our industries were at once municipalised or nationalised, who would still be enduring the worst of human tortures though every person in the land was an actual teetotaler.

Thousands who are engaged in the clothing trades, including weavers and spinners, and other factory operatives, seamstresses, flower makers, bead workers, &c., are called into requisition, never at a high rate, usually at a very low rate of wage: they work while the demand is there, but it is not for long, and then, yes, then they go, and—"Well, what more can be expected if there is no work for them, that surely ends the matter, it is regrettable but unavoidable." No, that does not end the matter, and this subject must receive attention until every willing worker in the land shall have the chance to live a square life. I

am not here pleading for the riff-raff of society, those who won't work or can't work. I am speaking for those who can and will and do, whenever they get the chance; and it cannot be that we shall excuse ourselves much longer from taking action when we know that the energy of these human beings wisely directed would produce much more than what they require to keep them in comfort.

Freedom to combine is at least secured in this country, although from time to time one or other section of the privileged classes show their teeth as though they would like again to take away the right. This is not likely to be interfered with, however; there is no power in England dares even attempt to make it illegal to combine: to do so would, indeed, add fuel to the fire, but we have arrived at a stage when mere toleration is not sufficient. The trade and labour unions of this country are rendering most valuable service to the State by the educational and disciplinary work they are performing to the great advantage of the community collectively, and full Governmental recognition of this will be required ere long. We want and must have a Ministry of Labour as a Department of State, part of whose duty it shall be to exercise a controlling force in the matter of adjusting the difficulties brought about by intermittent employment: such department, of course, receiving all possible assistance from the trade societies. The dovetailing of interests between town and country could be considerably accelerated if we had a State Department always obtaining statistics and using them to the advantage of the working community, which may yet come to be synonymous with the welfare of the country at large. Politically, workmen are not likely to be long connected with either of the two parties: complete independence is absolutely requisite for success. Undoubtedly, there are politicians, as there are employers, who are honestly striving to be of service in hastening on the welfare of the workers, but it would show a lack of understanding for workmen to become identified with either party; it is a case of hold both at arm's length, beg from neither, but quickly and effectively, through the agency of the Labour organisations, bring pressure to bear wherever it is most wanted. We demand that the slums be cleared out, that healthy dwellings be constructed at reasonable rents, that town life be made tolerable, even comfortable, and we demand that POVERTY be BANISHED. A big order this, we know, and therefore we had perhaps better not demand it, but undertake the work on our own account; and this we do, reverently, but fearlessly, and we shall use any and every institution that lends itself

to the primary object we have in view. It is a work that religion enjoins upon us; we dare not be identified with those who talk of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man, and who yet try to belittle honest and intelligent effort for the rectification of our social evils; we want patronage from none, brotherly help we will always welcome, but, let it be understood, it must be brotherly, we want no lordly condescension; we ask no one to be kind to us, we stand on the grounds of fair play and honest dealing, but we know of nothing in morals, nothing in religion, nothing in economics that bids us be content with a low standard. We refuse to recognise in any section of the community a body that can monopolise knowledge, and we would scorn to be the appanage of any party in the State. We look forward to the time when an industrial policy will be endorsed by the nation, a policy that will cater not for a section but for all, a policy based on honest dealing and the principle and practice of brotherhood. In vain have we relied upon others, whether politicians, philanthropists, or the Church. We find the churchgoers praying, "Thy will be done on earth as in Heaven," and yet not trying to make it possible for that will to be done on earth; on the contrary, the clergy are as ready as any to pooh-pooh, or condemn as Utopian, any real effort that is contrary to the accepted formula. It is sometimes asked, Why do not workmen attend church more largely? The reason is clear, the ordinary clergyman preaches salvation hereafter and defends gross inequalities here: such religion workmen will not listen to. We believe it to be contrary to sound ethics: we want nothing from others, but anything so spurious as praying for the Father's will to be done on earth, and in practice upholding privilege and gross inequality, is, in our opinion, grossly irreligious. Therefore, with regard to religion as with politics, the Labour movement must be inspired from within. That it will be so inspired I feel sure; the basis of action now is altruistic, a willingness and a desire to be of use, striving to work for the general good, trying to avoid sectionalism and narrowness, and to work on lines that shall conduce to the general welfare. With more perfect organisation will come more perfect adjustment of difficulties and fundamental changes which will undoubtedly be made on constitutional lines. Should employers agree to work with the men to bring about these changes peacefully by negotiation much turmoil will be saved.

TOM MANN,
(Amalgamated Engineers).

II.

A CERTAIN millowner and M.P. in the North of England, in a facetious mood, once spoke of child labour as very necessary for the children's sake, as the little dears would cry, holding their mothers' aprons, if they were not allowed to go to work, away from the street and the playground. The pathetic picture has always been painted to mean happiness for the child. Practical experience would have taught the millowner that had he the pluck to visit the homes of some of his work-people at 5 a.m. of a winter's morning to see the tears on the faces of the children, wakened when half their proper sleeping time was granted them, another side of the picture would have been disclosed. The poor mother more often than not has to wake up all hands, shouting herself hoarse to the children and husband, whose exhausted nature is but half-satisfied with the rest obtained. The afore-mentioned employer would be cosily tucked up in the blankets at this time, and asleep, with no thought of turning out except to warm slippers, a warm room, and warm coffee. In our great industrial hives the white thin faces look ghastly with cold and hunger at early morn. A kind of dazed weariness settles upon the factory hand, and the grinding of life is painfully evident. The listless out-of-works—nine hundred thousand of them, who are also pinched and hungry with many dependent upon them, are also commanding figures in our country. These and all their woe are the result of an artificial economic system. Whatever progress has been made by the favoured section of humanity, the largest section is the poor and the very poor. Our new Trade Unionism starts out with a belief not in miracles but in humanity, and is quite prepared to face all the present difficulties fronting the new Labour movement with a definite purpose, confident that the outcome will be an ultimate triumph. Whatever theory of human progression the political economist of the past held, he can only weigh this endeavour as a movement to greater clearness, larger mental range, and an effort to define the economic position. Human life, mental and physical capacity, is not valued at its proper worth, even from the £ s. d. standpoint. Our controlling and privileged classes base economic law upon the narrow and ever-contracting point of their position in the State as landowners and wealthy capitalists. Some of the greatest wits and

statesmen have given credence to such doctrines until they have been accepted as irrefragable. We base our notion of exact economics on the "good of all" principle, not even believing in the doctrine of happiness for the greatest number, but happiness to every human unit capable of life and enjoyment. Commercialism were not half such a Juggernaut were its more generous means and ends controllable by the producers of wealth.

No more than ordinary study is necessary to realise the awful waste of human life through insufficient food and unsanitary conditions. In some of the congested districts the death rates in the worst quarters mount up to twenty, fifty, sixty, and seventy to the thousand per annum. Something like five millions are wallowing in poverty in this country. In London, according to Booth's figures, a million and a quarter are the submerged. The submerged five million alone could pile up their mountain of murdered dead each year to the number of over one hundred thousand, were their death rate only forty to the thousand, as only half that number should die, even under less than normal healthy conditions. Emerging from his dumb helplessness, from social darkness, the new movement voicing his claims, the untutored toiler wishes to play another part in our industrial system than the mere drudge: in our social system something better than the mere puppet to pay taxation and have no representatives except the employer, the dividend-hunter, and the professional classes. The opportunity for corporate control is on every hand. Our present form of corporate conscience makes it a dull, heavy thing, slow to move—but a little—and in many cases not so advanced as the control of property by private individuals. With all its drawbacks it must ultimately be the form of industrial administration. Summarised, the principal points to which the attention of the new Labour movement will be directed are as follow:—

1st. Abolition of all poverty by a scientific appreciation of natural and economic laws: assuming each human being's real worth to consist of capacity to consume as well as to produce. If the wages of ten thousand are no more than adequate to maintain in comfort one thousand, it necessarily follows that trade is impoverished in an ever-narrowing circle.

2nd. Criminality, ignorance, the fruit of imbruted environments, lack of means for educating desires in an upward direction: economic inequality considered the mother of such evils.

3rd. The appalling high rate of mortality caused by insufficient food

and clothing, bad sanitary conditions—in factory and home, life-long hours of labour, intermittent employment, no proper inspection of workshops, factories, dwelling accommodation.

4th. The necessity of gaining experience in administration of both Imperial and local affairs. A conviction that once the institutions of the country were in the hands of the people—in principle and reality—privilege would be abolished and equable conditions obtain.

Our governing institutions, as a means of adjusting economic conditions to their just proportions, appeals as an overwhelming reason for the capture of the same.

These reasons are urged with every show of truth to gull the voters. One can only see one form of good in such promises, in so far as they serve to keep in mind the necessity of reform in the direction indicated. These people unconsciously serve a higher principle than they are capable of grasping themselves by educating those who at present have not a dignified or an integral share in the government of the country.

What difference there may be between the old and new unions consists in this broader spirit, galvanising into enthusiasm with a set purpose those who, when not inert, are dangerous.

We are not to be confined to wages alone, to industrial questions only; there to stop, and, with open mouths, expect some miracle to be wrought. To have a high wage and still be an animal would be the worst form of poverty.

The wage question, as now understood, we consider but a contribution to the solution of the poverty question. The multiplicity of forces for ever at work, opposed to development in a political, social, or even a religious sense, are to be counted and met with method and determination, if ever the control of wealth, the government of the country, is to be taken out of the hands of bankers, moneyed, and present employing classes.

Fighting and trade interests are represented beyond their proper share. There is not a commercial venture but what power in Parliament is valued according to the number of votes to be counted should any special Parliamentary sanction be found necessary. The more ambitious work of the new unions is that they desire a share in the government of the country. I have no doubt that some of the best and most active spirits of the new trade unionists possess this ambition, and have in many cases done a great share of work towards these ends; but up to the present moment the older trade unionists have not dared or

cared to identify their trade unionism with a more intelligent and active co-operative concern of government. The usual legislative action has been taken apart from trade unionism. The trade unionist has been either Liberal or Tory according to his predilections for one or other of the political parties. His interest as a worker has not appealed to his mind as a direct and separate economic necessity, and the usual means of education, culture, art, refinement, and music have been in his eye the outcome of a philanthropic spirit on the part of the rich for which they should be thankful, accepting the same as a gift and the patronage of the same as a great boon. The servile gratitude of past years has given way to a robust demand for all these things, without having to thank any individual for, in a philanthropic mood, conferring an everlasting and odious reproach upon any community which has not the enterprise and high aim to possess these blessings without relying upon private charity.

In the aggregate, our present commercial system only admits of a few being privileged. This was understood by the worker in the past to be divinely ordained, while the worker of the present looks upon it as an anomaly and an undesirable condition of affairs to be combated and fought down until a healthier distribution of wealth and comfort affords blessings to every human being in the State. Lectures upon town council reform; lectures upon the methods of stock exchange, upon the procedure of law, House of Commons procedure, upon the House of Lords, and upon the constitution of the court are listened to with rapt attention, evincing a mental growth auguring the greatest good for the future. Whether politics may be shifting sands or not, the people will demand a stake in their country and a voice in its affairs—will demand the exercise of their resources for good and desires of a purer character than their present state of development allows them. I trust I have indicated to my readers the motives for the present claims to higher citizenship, the interest of the toilers being a clearer defined quantity than had hitherto been their share. Whatever promises one or another political party makes, I am positive that more intense interest will be taken in our town and village life, and I look to the experience to be obtained in the councils as a school of preparation for the larger political arena or of a more comprehensive grasp of trade interests, legislative action, effective administration, and respect for Executive authority, of which they have been a contributing force to build up whatever power the

Executive may possess. The keenest, most vigorous, most useful of our legislators are those who have had some experience in this school, while the greatest failures have been those who as scholars were unable to grasp any of the practical expedients that the more experienced and speculative minds would who know what is necessary for the safe conduct of the nation's affairs. I am hoping to see the citizens of the near future better qualified to appreciate the theory of government, and am hoping to see the time come when our children in the fifth and sixth standards will be taught the basis of government, when for the use of our schools there will be provided a dictionary of every public office, from the head of Royalty to the meanest clerk in poor-law relief. Were the children to have defined to them the meaning, purpose, and function of every office in the State, such knowledge would be certain to appeal to a large number who would take a more intelligent interest in every bearing of civil life. I would suggest to such a body as the Fabians, or to our Educational Department, and to the Governors of the Oxford and Cambridge extension movement, that a dictionary should be brought out at once for our schools and for our libraries, so that the status of Royalty, cost of maintenance, the extent of their Executive authority and responsibility to the Cabinet; the meaning of monarchy, not its history, its constitution, its Executive authority; the House of Lords, its meaning and its legislative power; the functions of the many great officers of the Crown and State; the House of Commons, modes of procedure, a definition of its functions; County Councils, Town Councils, corporate control in any direction; the names of the several officers, their functions, administration, limits of authority; the control of police; the maintenance and control of our Army and Navy, and estimated cost of same; a clear definition of rating and revenue taxation, system of consols, the meaning and resources of the various funds, powers of borrowing and purchasing, our banking systems; powers of private companies; names and meaning of every institution, every public body—a terse and clear explanation of State Government, so that each child instead of learning the history of the success or failure of kings shall rather be taught the present and practical meaning of our institutions and of effective administration of the same. In these days of dictionaries and encyclopædias nothing would be of greater value to the country as a means of developing intelligent citizens than such a dictionary of means and powers of government as I have indicated. The present lamentable ignorance of even those holding public offices exposes

the great need of such information. I am content to believe that were the interesting and multiplied forms of government known to the people a more active participation in the affairs of the same would be the result. While we look to our corporate bodies, to every centre of State employment, as an experimental field for the granting of such working conditions to all employed as will mean proper wage, proper hours of labour, means of recreation, and opportunity for the development of the intellect for everyone concerned, an object lesson will be afforded by such that will not be paralleled by any other method. Any distinguishing difference between the new and old methods is that while one settles itself down to existing conditions, making the best of them, the other has a goal—for there ought to be a strong conviction that deeper interests and more active efforts will make possible and consummate into a fact that which is only a dream of the present moment. Perhaps the chief of all reasons why we claim the sympathy of the moralists, the religionists, the philosophers, and the sincere, is that there is a growing and ever increasing desire to establish family and home life which shall afford a myriad of purifying influences to maintain the vitality, the moral robustness, and general well-being of the State. Whatever sins may be argued against us, whatever may be lacking in acumen or polish, the groping of the masses for the higher truths is but an augury of good, evidencing appreciation of the greater philosophy of Being. Collective and corporate control is the one means by which we hope to attain many of the blessings of practical democracy. The vast machinery of government upheld by the sinew and strength of the people is maintained now only to confer privilege instead of blessings, and that upon a few. None will ever vie with me in an appreciation of independent character and voluntary effort, both of which I look upon as very commendable and quite essential. Yet, while admitting that the level of desires is the means of appreciation, I must maintain that development is determined by environment. Good institutions create good desires, as well as right desires create good institutions. This fact must not be lost sight of. We claim as owners of productive capacity the same legislative protection the owners of land claim for their right to property.

To the croakers and alarmists within and without our own ranks, who, panic-stricken, deplore the possible loss of character by a collective Government, I would say, Withdraw your legislative protection from every present vested interest—interests that are insignificant in value compared to the bodies and souls of the people. Withdraw legislative

protection from these and Labour will never ask for State interference. We claim that monopoly, privilege, power of usury, the want of conscience and scruple in commercial ranks are only maintained by each of these interests having representation in the control of each and every one of the governing functions, in the making of laws—creatures that are fed and fattened for the purpose of perpetuating monopoly and privilege on all sides. The alteration of the conspiracy laws, the construction of land Acts can only come by active legislative participation of the toilers. The establishment of Labour Ministries, Labour bureaus, arbitration boards, will come from this source. At the present moment the Labour upheaval has disclosed fierce class hatred, prejudices, suspicions, selfishness, so that not even religion, morality, philosophy, education, culture on the one side enable the privileged to view with greater equanimity the change that to the other side has given birth to hopes, voice to those who were dumb, vigour to those who were feeble, light to those whose lives were darkened, calling into existence signs of a new birth. At the present moment the hatred of nearly every class commanding authority is lively with venomous relentlessness against the battalions slowly marching in line to demand the sweets and fruits of labour as a reward for the drudgery of production, State regulation of hours of labour, State provision for all means of education and culture, State provision for the advancement of such sanitary laws as will provide ample living accommodation.

The elementary facts of civic and Imperial functions are not as yet perceived by the people, and one must look to the schools to infuse some notion of municipal life at this very early time of childhood. Whatever complexity there may be in organic society, it can only be understood properly when the idea of government is rooted in our children during the best of the impressionable periods of childhood and youth. We are wanting not mere instruction, but education in its highest and best sense. Were the productions of a country indicated in teaching geography, many would not grow up in such ignorance of the trade possibilities of the different parts of the globe. Whatever solid good will come to the country, or whatever real and permanent position we shall take up in the race of nations, can only be rendered possible by the diffusion of knowledge which shall spread over the whole of the country, assimilated and practically applied by every member of the community. I am convinced that only as men and women become interested in work, with their mental and moral horizon circling in conditions of active, economic inter-dependence, and co-operate sharing in the production

and consumption of earth's good things, can we have society working upon a proper basis. The voluntary, or so-called voluntary, method alone cannot suffice. The illusory and dangerous are contained in these cuckoo cries. To most thinking men the great national industries are but larger editions of the particular workaday world we move in. What affects us in little affects us in much, and the larger mental vision embraces in its scope the possibilities of sharing not only as toiler but as enjoyer all the good things that science, skill, knowledge, art culture, trade, and the better government of a country can lead us to expect.

The many hundreds of thousands of pounds spent each year upon sick benefits, trade disputes, out-of-work pay, and legal defence is a vast expenditure which tends but little to mitigate our many social troubles. Only when work is regular, health good, wages high, does the sick benefit part of trade unionism confer any real good. Even at its best men may be steady contributors to a sick benefit society for forty or fifty years and then have to face the workhouse. We shall miss no opportunity that comes to us to claim a full, a complete possession of all the means of wealth—all the machinery of government—a corporate share in all the great gifts of nature, and complete economic independence for all.

BEN TILLETT.

THE SIMIAN TONGUE.

A SHORT time ago I made arrangements with the superintendent of the Zoological Garden at Central Park, N.Y., to make some experiments with the phonograph and the monkeys contained in that excellent collection of animals. From the vast interest manifested on the part of the reading public, and the scientific world in general, I feel called upon to give a description of some of these experiments, and show to them how I am progressing in the solution of the Simian tongue. Early in the morning I retired to the monkey house, and, for the first time, approached a cage containing four brown Capuchin monkeys, two white-faced Sapajous or Ringtails, one Cudge monkey, and a small Spider monkey, none of which I had ever seen or conversed with before. On approaching the cage I saluted them with the word which I have translated from the Capuchin tongue to mean "food," and also, as described in a former article of mine, as being used in a much wider sense, possibly as a kind of "Shibboleth," or peace-making term, among them. On delivering this word to them, almost immediately one of them responded to it and came to the front of the cage, on repeating it two or three times more the remaining three came to the front, and on thrusting my fingers through the bars of the cage they took hold of them and began playing with them with great familiarity and apparent pleasure. They seemed to recognise the sound at once, and also to realise that it had been delivered to them by myself. Whether they regarded me as a great ape or monkey, or some other kind of an animal speaking their tongue, or not I am unable to say. Up to this time I had shown them no food, or drink, or anything of the kind; but soon thereafter I secured some apples and carrots and gave them small bits of them in response to their continual request, using this particular sound until I had satisfied those present that they really understood the word that I had used, and that it was

properly translated food. This was not only gratifying to me, but doubly so in view of the fact that I satisfied those present who had come to witness these experiments that I was correct in my solution of this word. Then, placing my phonograph in order, I made a record of the sound, and, turning the instrument upon a cage containing one small Rhesus monkey, together with two or three other varieties, I recorded a word of the Rhesus monkey which I had believed to correspond in meaning, though quite different in sense, to the Capuchin word for food. I then turned the cylinder and repeated it to some monkeys of the same variety in another cage. Then, on presenting some small bits of apple and carrot, I induced the monkeys in the other cage to use the same sound, which they continually did and appeared to me to be asking for food. The cage contained some eighteen or twenty monkeys, and I took a very accurate record of them, almost in chorus. This was just before and during the breakfast hour ; I was satisfied that I had discovered the sound in the Rhesus dialect which meant food, though it was used in a somewhat more restricted sense than the word which I have described as meaning food (and also with a wider meaning) in the Capuchin dialect.

On the same evening there arrived in Central Park a shipment of monkeys brought there from Europe. They were seven in number. At my request they were placed in the upper part of the old Armoury building, entirely out of communication with any other monkeys. They had never seen or heard any of the monkeys in Central Park.

Early on the following morning I repaired to the room in which the monkeys had been placed. In company with me were the superintendent of the Zoological Garden and two or three other gentlemen who had been permitted to come to witness the experiments. I requested them not to offer the monkeys anything to eat, or display anything of the kind, or by any means to attempt to induce them to talk, until I could arrange my phonograph to deliver to them the cylinder which I had recorded on the preceding day. Having arranged my phonograph I repeated this record that I had made in the monkey house. Up to this time there had not been a word spoken or a sound emitted by any of the new arrivals ; but immediately upon the reproduction of the record taken in the monkey house they began to respond, using the same sounds, and gave every evidence of understanding the meaning of the sounds delivered through the horn. It is exceedingly difficult to represent this sound by any formula. But as nearly as I can express it in letters it is

approximated by the letters nqu-u-w, being the long u, equivalent to double o in the word shoot. One of the most difficult things in the study of the language of the Simian is to find either verbal or literal expressions that will adequately convey the idea of either the meaning of the word or its sound, because in the Simian tongue one word often represents an entire sentence, and this one word is generally composed of sounds which are not usually represented by alphabetic characters; hence the great difficulty. The needs or demands in this particular language have never heretofore caused an alphabet to be invented, although it is possible to invent letters to represent their sounds as it was to invent letters to represent the sounds of the human voice. But as there has never been any use for them before, there have never been any letters invented to represent the Simian sounds. Their peculiar mode of thought gives rise to their peculiar mode of expression, and there are no expressions in the human speech that are equivalent to the simple *monophones* (as I denominated them) in the Simian tongue. I next proceeded to take a record of the new arrivals. They were all of the same species, being Rhesus monkeys. There were three mothers and four babes, one of the babes being an orphan, the mother having died on her passage across the ocean. Of these I succeeded in getting two very excellent records—one of the orphan babe and the other of one in an adjoining compartment. He was exceedingly talkative, very noisy, but quite intelligent for his age. These monkeys do not generally talk or make a noise, except when they really desire to communicate some idea by their sounds. I do not think that they are given to habitually chattering in a meaningless or senseless way, but my opinion is that their chattering is always accompanied with definite ideas and a desire to convey them to others. After having made records of these two young monkeys, I carried the cylinders to the monkeys' house, where I reproduced them on the phonograph, in the presence of the Rhesus monkeys confined there, and found that they gave evidences of understanding; although the great number of them prevented its having the effect that it otherwise would have had, because it was impossible for them to distinguish whether these sounds were made by some of their own number, or some new monkeys that had been introduced into the house. The consequence is I did not get their attention in such a marked degree as I have in many other instances. And as I succeeded in getting the attention of the new arrivals, having them to themselves,

where they were not interrupted by the continuous babble of the monkey house, I feel thoroughly satisfied that the new word which I have discovered in the Rhesus dialect is indeed the word for food, as used among these monkeys. And I confidently feel that one more step in the direction of the mastery of the Simian tongue has been taken. And I believe this translation to be practically correct and tenable. Remember that these records were taken under very great difficulties, and yet I regard the experiments as being very conclusive. The great difficulty of taking the records, or rather of reproducing them with the desired effect in the presence of so many monkeys, of course can only be appreciated after one has tried these experiments. But where one monkey is alone very much better results can be reached, since in that event you can attract his attention and keep it fixed on what you are trying to do; whereas a number of them occupying the same cage or even the same house are in such close proximity to one another that their chattering and continual talking attract the attention of the monkey upon which you are trying to operate, and thus in a measure defeat your purpose. However, I am thoroughly satisfied with my experiments and their results on my last visit to Central Park.

After an absence of some days I returned to the park, and, entering the monkey house, approached the cage which contained my little brown Capuchin friend. There were a good many visitors in the house at the time, but on the instant of my entering the door my little Simian friend recognised me and immediately set up quite a howl, begging me to come to him. I went to the cage, giving him my hand to play with: he gave every evidence of great pleasure at my visit. There was another little monkey of the same species in the same cage with him, who had shown some disposition to become friendly with me, and on former visits had manifested some interest in me. On this occasion he came playfully to the bars of the cage and desired to share the pleasure of my visit with his Simian brother, but this was denied him by the first monkey (whose name was McGinty), who pounced upon him immediately and drove him away, as he also did the other monkeys in the cage, monopolising my entire society himself. He refused under any conditions to allow any other inmates of the cage to receive any of my caresses, or any of the food that I had for them. I have made a good many observations among the Spider monkeys, but they are not very intelligent, and possess only a very limited number of sounds. Their

vocal powers are very inferior, and their sounds exceedingly ambiguous. They are well disposed and docile, but their language is almost as far inferior to that of the brown Capuchin as the brown Capuchin's appears to be below the Chimpanzee's, and as the Chimpanzee's appears to be below the lowest order of human speech.

For the past month I have been making records in the Zoological Garden at Washington at such times and with such subjects as I could find.

In the collection in that Garden is still to be found old "Prince," the original grey Macacus from which I made the first record in the phonograph that I ever made. I regard his language, however, as very far inferior to that of the brown Capuchin which, as I believed a year ago, was superior to that of any other monkey. In the Garden here I also found some four or five Capuchins, some of them very good specimens, all except one being quite young. The brightest one in the collection is a little brown monkey, whose name is "Pedro," he is exceedingly clever and communicative. On my first visit to him a month ago I found him caged with several others. In the same cage was a small Spider monkey who was very fond of playing with little Pedro, and who had a habit of catching him by the tail and dragging him around on the floor. This, Pedro seemed to dislike very heartily. He complained very frequently and very loudly, but to no purpose. The other monkeys seemed to impose upon him, depriving him of his food and all other liberties that a bright little monkey ought to have had in a free country like this. And when I first visited the cage I took his part against the other monkeys, and we soon became friends. He would catch hold of my fingers through the meshes of the cage and chatter and show every mark of appreciation. We soon became quite good friends. A little later I had him placed in a cage to himself, where I have been able to handle him with comparative ease. I have made a splendid phonographic record of his speech. I got him to hold his mouth right up to the tube and talk quite loud. Each succeeding experiment gives me more and more assurance of the ultimate success of my studies. And when I see how many truly scientific people and great scholars and naturalists are firm believers in my theory, I can well afford to ignore the shallow wags who try to say something funny about it. Were it not for such moral support, however, one might feel discouraged at the great tax on time and patience which is necessary to learn even one word of this most singular language. The

discovery of the Rhesus word for food has accelerated my efforts and intensified my hopes; and, while it has required many months of labour to learn this one new word, I feel amply rewarded for my pains. I hope very soon to be able to add one more word to the list, in which event it will be duly announced. I shall soon furnish a full description of my work here at Washington.

R. L. GARNER.

DISCIPLINE AND THE ARMY.

IMPLICIT obedience to rule and maxim is the first step to discipline; the second, for which we must wait till manhood has been reached, is the severance from maxim by the attainment of principle, and on this allegiance to principle must the man's future discipline depend. Out of this springs "esprit de corps," so dear to the old soldier's heart, and that sound spirit of self-reliance which is thoroughly consistent with submission to guidance and authority. By the yielding up of self, the youngster recognises the power of his instructor to lead him on; and the more unreserved the surrender, the firmer is each step in advance taken, till an evenness and self-possession are attained which augur well for the development of organising faculties, and at length, daring in his trust, he can say with Cromwell, "None mount so high as those who know not whither they are going." The unconditional surrender to an authoritative end, with implicit trust in its command of means, best illustrates the highest state of military discipline. It may be urged that the claim of the authority to such devotion should be clearly before those who yield it, but under what form in this erring world can infallible authority be found? Was the early trust of the French in the genius of the great Napoleon, or of the Germans in their Moltke, founded on previous knowledge and proofs of their ability? Hardly. What at first was but power-worship grew into that firm faith that is due as much to reason as to enthusiasm. It may be urged that the rapidly levied troops of the great Napoleon were so animated by devotion to him personally that absolute strictness of discipline was unnecessary. But there were other incentives which bound them to him. Read, for example, his first Proclamation to the Army of Italy in 1796. "Soldiers, you are badly fed, and almost naked; the Government owes you much; it can do nothing for you; your patience, your courage do you honour, but procure neither profit nor glory. I am about to lead you into the most fertile country of the world. You will find large cities and rich provinces,

you will find honour, glory, and riches. Soldiers of Italy, shall you lack courage?" "It was not in a day," observes Lanfrey, "that the soldiers of the Republic became the soldiers of the Empire, but the commencement of the metamorphosis dates from that proclamation, in which Italy was shown to them, not as a nation to liberate but as a prey to seize." And this personal devotion, consequent on the bribes so unscrupulously offered, sufficed. It presented a varnished surface mistaken by some for true discipline. Moreover, after he became Emperor, he invariably retained all his best troops in the army commanded by himself in person, leaving his marshals the raw and inferior levies, and we need but glance at the pages of Napier to comprehend the results of the total absence of discipline, when in retreat or after defeat, which marked the course of the French armies in Spain. We may draw salutary lessons from the annals and bulletins of the French army, but in none shall we find materials in which to found a school of wholesome discipline.

But let us go back a little in history and note the results of a relaxation of a discipline which had been acquired slowly and step by step in the Roman armies, upon not only the armies themselves but upon the national character. It is needless to describe the Legion, that important unit which never varied essentially in its composition or title till Rome fell. But there is one point not to be lost sight of, when we attempt to compare the armies of the present day with those of Imperial Rome. Two-thirds of the soldiers who filled the ranks of a Legion were men who had attained full manhood, a large proportion of whom might be termed veterans. Till the close of Hadrian's reign this proportion prevailed, and, until under the Antonines the Legions, stationed inactive in their camps on the frontiers, began to lose their warlike spirit, the Empire was safe. Germans, Dacians, Mauritanians, Greeks, and Egyptians made aggressions in vain. A mere demonstration of these highly disciplined forces usually sufficed to crush all inroads and maintain the prestige of Roman superiority. That the vile tyranny of succeeding Emperors tainted the military discipline of the Legions, and especially the Pretorians, with such arrogance and presumption as led to a military despotism, may be true; but although the fact might be urged as an argument against a standing army, it does not affect the force of my contention, that discipline needs long and systematic growth, and that it alone can produce a formidable army. And what follows? The Emperor Constantine withdrew the Legions from the

frontiers, dispersed them in small bodies through cities and towns, from which they rarely moved except to repel a hostile invasion. These small bodies of men became gradually tradesmen or artificers, the civil gradually predominated over the military character, and the Legions of Rome degenerated into a corrupt and undisciplined militia. It was only by means of German and Scythian hirelings that the later Emperors were able to defend themselves, and thus the fall of the Western Empire was brought about by the irresistible superiority exercised by a militia of barbarians over that of a civilised nation. To the believer in the power of civilisation this appears well nigh impossible; yet we know that Greek militia levies gained victories over the Persian Empire, Swiss over Austrians and Burgundians—but the decay and decline of Persia and of Austria had set in beforehand, and the discipline which had rendered their troops so formidable had yielded to the influence of luxury and wealth. It would be wrong to say that courage and heroism were wanting in the Greek and Roman nations, even when the downfall was imminent; the corruption and demoralisation of all classes had caused republics to become empires, or, as Gibbon defines it, "an absolute Government disguised under the form of a commonwealth." The self-reliance, therefore, of the community yielded to the individual authority of the Emperor, and thus the spirit of true discipline founded on self-respect was lost. But there is no lack of instances of splendid devotion to duty, when personal deeds brought forth in stronger relief the ever-increasing languor of the mass of citizens on whose manhood the safety of their country depended. We should, indeed, turn from the pages of Tacitus in disgust and despair, were it not that now and then a noble being passes across the horizon to show that virtue had not altogether forsaken the falling Empire. The history of all nations of antiquity ends in that of Rome; that of all modern nations has grown out of Rome. Her spirit exercised its influence on the barbarians who had conquered her, and so laid the foundations of modern European civilisation. The school, therefore, of those thinkers who would turn our eyes from the past, and persuade us to look only to the present and the future, is but a shallow one; and to disregard or despise the lessons of antiquity as inapplicable to our schemes of intellectual progress is but to show arrogance and conceit. We continue to feel and think as our ancestors have thought and felt: so true in innumerable instances is the remark that "men make up their principles by inheritance, and defend them as they would their estates, because they are born heirs to them."

The Middle Ages brought the power of chivalry rather than that of discipline into prominence, and, tempting though the subject may be, it is not of crusaders and gallant knights that I write. To recount how—

> "A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,
> A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest,"

would rouse, perhaps, more interest than the recalling of how the Roman Senate after Cannæ refused to redeem the eight thousand prisoners left in Hannibal's camp, that it might be impressed on the soldiers that it was their duty to conquer or to die; so lofty an evidence of *national* discipline that we are told the courage of Hannibal fell on receiving the message. But the task before me is to show that military discipline is but the outcome of national self-restraint and fortitude, and that brilliant leadership and doughty deeds are but feeble substitutes. We will, therefore, pass by Ascalon and Acre, Ivry and Agincourt, and seek in recent times and under more advanced civilisation those examples which should serve our purpose. To my mind the soundest views on the necessity of founding military on *national* discipline are set forth in a letter written by the Duke of Wellington to Lord William Bentinck, quoted in the great Duke's despatches dated December 24th, 1811, in which, after referring to a proposed general rising in Spain against Napoleon, he says:—

"Those who embark in projects of this description should be made to understand, or to act as if they understood, that having once drawn the sword they must not return it till they shall have completely accomplished their object. They must be prepared, and must be forced to make all sacrifices to the cause. Submission to military discipline and order is a matter of course; but when a nation determines to resist the authority and to shake off the Government of Buonaparte, they must be prepared and forced to sacrifice the luxuries and comforts of life, and to risk all in a contest which, it should be clearly understood before it is undertaken, has for its object to save all or nothing. The first measure for a country to adopt is to form an army, and to raise a revenue from the people to defray the expense of the army. Above all, to form a Government of such strength as that army and people can be forced by it to perform their duty. This is the rock upon which Spain has split, and all our measures in any other country which should afford hopes of resistance to Buonaparte should be directed to avoid it. The enthusiasm of the people is very fine, and looks well in print; but I have never known it produce anything but confusion. In France, what was called enthusiasm was power and tyranny acting through the medium of popular societies, which have ended by overturning Europe and in establishing the most powerful and dreadful tyranny that ever existed. In Spain the enthusiasm of the people spent itself in 'vivas' and

vain boasting. The notion of its existence prevented even the attempt to discipline the armies; and its existence has been alleged ever since as the excuse for the rank ignorance of the officers, and the indiscipline and constant misbehaviour of the troops. I, therefore, earnestly recommend you, wherever you go, to trust nothing to the enthusiasm of the people. Give them a strong and a just and, if possible, a good Government; but, above all, a strong one, which shall enforce upon them to do their duty by themselves and their country; and let measures of finance to support an army go hand in hand with measures to raise it."

Observe, the discipline here spoken of is not narrowed to the army; it applies to the nation, and is altogether distinct from that on the want of which in our own troops he so often comments. For instance, he writes from Coimbra, May 31st, 1809:—

"The army behave terribly ill. They are a rabble who cannot bear success any more than Sir John Moore's army could bear failure. I am endeavouring to tame them."

How he succeeded can be understood by any reader of his despatches, which show that the process was gradual and marked by distinct instances of failure. See, too, his noble confession of failure at the siege of Burgos, in 1812. He writes:—

"The fault of which I was guilty in the expedition to Burgos was not that I undertook the operations with inadequate means, but that I took there the most inexperienced instead of the best troops."

We see that, even in four years' well nigh constant activity, the Peninsular Army had not been welded into a perfect machine capable of undertaking any warlike enterprise, however difficult and hazardous. Want of space forbids further extracts from writings which, in spite of Buckle's low estimate of the literary powers of great warriors, will never be read by Englishmen without arousing admiration for the sound judgment and commanding intellect of Wellington. In those which refer to the operations of war, we never fail to see his opinion recorded that the dash and daring of the half-trained soldier needs the sustaining influence of the veteran, and that the proportion of the latter must largely exceed that of the former in the hour of trial.

Among those brave men who faced death in its most awful form on the deck of the *Birkenhead*, there were without doubt beardless lads, but numbers were on the side of discipline, and the example of their older comrades sufficed. Reverse the proportion, and we shrink even from contemplating the result.

I will continue my imperfect attempt at dealing with this important subject by entreating my countrymen to pause before, in accordance with the plausible views of doctrinaire and theorist, the veteran is banished from the ranks of the army. In our endeavour to graft a Continental system on our sturdy old military foundation we are risking the prestige of an army that has known reverse but never defeat. A discipline founded on traditions extending over more than two hundred years has been the mainspring of our regimental mechanism. At first mere blind obedience it fashioned itself into that unhesitating trust in God, the King, and the Colours which Corporal Trim handed down unimpaired to the soldiers of Wellington and the Tommy Atkins of the day when the fate of India depended on the enduring valour of the British veteran. The voluntary engagement of a man to serve as a soldier practically ends in his being a soldier for life, if fairly dealt with: by such means the mass of citizens is relieved from military obligations, and pacific occupations can be followed without irritating interruption. The adventurous and turbulent, the idle and unruly, had in the ranks a legitimate outlet for their restlessness; but an army so composed needs far stricter training and discipline than one in which rich and poor, the educated and uneducated, the gentle and the cruel, are indiscriminately mingled. An assimilation of Continental military discipline to our own army is impossible.

The truth is that we never attempt to analyse the profession of a soldier. Though his duty is to fight and to slay, and though he lives in a constant desire for a state of things which Christianity and reason alike condemn, by none of his fellow countrymen is he looked on coldly. Once launched on active warfare he ceases to be a free agent: resignation would be dishonour, refusal or evasion a crime. Yet he is honoured in every civilised country. May not the reason be that in the trained soldier his fellow citizens recognise the type of obedience to authority which can be attained only through the sternest influence of discipline? His trade or calling has acquired dignity through the valour and virtues of him that plies it. He may not be proof against the temptations inseparable from his adventurous life, but he holds the honour and reputation of the regiment that has been his home to be sacred, and would lay down his life to maintain them untarnished.

And for this veteran, priceless, one would have thought, in a non-military country such as England, we are substituting lads who are able, nay invited, from the earliest days of their enlistment to air their

childish grievances in the newspapers, in whom tradition excites no reverence, and to whom the name and number of their regiments suggest no pride. Discharged to the Reserve at the very moment when discernment of the meaning of discipline is beginning, they throw off all habits of self-restraint, and, though unfit for home and citizenship, cease to be soldiers. We are told that fifty thousand of such men thus relegated to peaceful pursuit, or, alas! often to idleness, can, at a moment's notice, be recalled, and give stability to the ranks they have quitted. This may appear a plausible and pleasing theory to the political economist, but those who have fought and bled in the Indian Mutiny and in the preceding war with Russia regard with disquietude and doubt the power, though not the will, of such a body of men to face suddenly the stern realities of modern war. It was after Inkerman that General Cler, then commanding as colonel a regiment of Zouaves who fought with us, said to me in reference to the Guards maintaining for so many hours their hold in the sand-bag battery, "Vos hommes ont montrés une tenacité que nous n'avons pas." I am not an alarmist, still less a pessimist, but granting to our immature rank and file all the pluck, dash, or *élan* characteristic of the British youth, whether gentle or simple, can he show this "tenacity" unsustained by ties of discipline and physical training? The question will have to be answered, and who can say how soon? The experiences of the Franco-German war and the recent improvements in all weapons lead us to the conclusion that in the next campaign the strain on the nerve, brain, and above all the resolution, of a soldier will be heavier than men animated only by patriotic enthusiasm can sustain. Thousands will respond at the first national call to arms, but only to find that the crash of modern artillery, and the withering fire of magazine rifles in practised hands need more to oppose them than the pluck and spirit of boys and francs-tireurs. Our wealth, luxury, and insular pride foster this growing indifference to the realities of our present position and to the lessons of the past. "With such an army I could have gone anywhere, and done anything." So spoke our Iron Duke of his veterans of the Peninsular. What those veterans had accomplished, and the fate that awaited them, are set forth in the closing sentence of Napier's history of that war. Have we now even the nucleus of such a force? I fear not. The cause is to be found not in the faulty organisation of the War Office, or in the credulity of War Ministers prompted by theorists. Discipline, wholesome and prudent, the result of example and patient training, is no

longer a watchword amongst Englishmen ; and until it resumes its power in every relation in our lives we cannot expect the value of discipline in the army to be fully understood.

Go to the City, the Stock Exchange, the University, or any centre of trade or learning, and plead that the manhood of England is not represented in the ranks, that the consequences may be perilous, and that our national insurance is weak and insufficient. On all sides we should be met with the reply, "You are advocating conscription and compulsory service: the country will never stand them. We have the volunteer force, and surely that is sufficient in itself to show that our fighting energies are unimpaired." And probably sarcastic reference will be made to the letter of "Vetus" and the need of War Office reforms, or a recasting of our whole military administration on the model of a railway system, by which means a thoroughly efficient army is to be provided in return for the taxpayers' outlay. But to those who know the stern realities of war the conviction has long ago come home that organisation, however perfect in theory, can never be of practical value if the raw material to be worked upon is an inferior substitute for the stout national stuff which has reached maturity ; and, assuming, therefore, which I do with regret, that Englishmen as at present minded will not tolerate any general obligation for military and naval service, surely the more closely should they regard the class which they provide to fulfil that obligation which every nation in Europe has recognised except our own. No amount of extra pay will make a boy recruit into a fighting man enlisted as he now is, only to be discharged just as he is beginning to understand the meaning of the word duty. I will go further and say that any comparison between the wages of the ordinary labour market and the pay of our soldiers is unsound and impolitic : the fluctuations in the labour market should not make the Colonel of Her Majesty's 150th feel that his four years' command has fallen on evil times, and that he can only account for attenuated ranks and feeble frames by the plea that "trade was so good and labourers so scarce that we got none but the weakly and immature." Yet this is the pith of the report of the Inspector-General of Recruiting during years of prosperity and abundant harvests, and we must conclude that the country is content that in proportion to the increase in its wealth is the diminution in the power it provides to protect it. Close inquiry into the causes is distasteful ; and the first plausible excuse, especially if the excuse can involve censure on the Minister of War, is accepted without one thought upon the broad

question of the duty of every individual in the State to yield personal service for the maintenance of national honour and security. Self-sacrifice may be tolerated so long as it is exacted by the tax-gatherer only, and satisfied by an appeal to the pocket; but the bare notion of every household, parish, and province having to furnish fighting men in due proportion to population is outside the range of popular belief, and neither in Parliament nor in any political gathering would it be entertained. The old watchword of "Interference with the liberty of the subject" would be raised, and it is this national impatience of restraint which lies at the root of that general relaxation of faith in discipline which is brought into more prominent evidence in the Army.

In the endeavour to popularise the Army, which means to fill the ranks somehow, the attractions offered nowadays must be such as are congenial to modern tastes: higher pay, greater comforts, relaxation in the severity of punishment for military offences, and every facility for the expression of discontent and the clamour for redress. We no longer hear of the recruiting officer recounting the glorious history of the old regiment, the stirring tales of actions recorded on the colours, and the prowess of individual soldiers before the enemy; the spirit of adventure is not worked upon with the object of arousing devotion to a noble profession, but rather is the appeal disguised in promises of being well cared for and in the charm of "deferred" pay. And what is the result? In the barrack-room the talk is not of warfare, of prospects of distinction, or the bold, bright aspirations of men who look on their regiment and its traditions as their home and property, but of what will happen to them at the end of their short engagement when, with their "deferred" pay in their pockets, they will start afresh in life. I am aware that it is useless to urge that "short service" is unsuited to an army such as ours. The nation has adopted it if not with complacency, at any rate without evincing any desire to reopen the question. The principle, whether faulty or not, was thoroughly intelligible, and commended itself to all classes of the civil community; the prospect of having among the population of every town and village men who had been trained as soldiers and had resumed the lives of quiet citizens was singularly attractive, accompanied as it was by the reality and earnestness of the Volunteer Force. This gradual introduction of the military element into civil life has enabled us to form the Reserve, of which I need but remark that, unless the country will submit annually to the disturbance which three weeks' training of Reservists would involve, grave doubts

exist whether it will be found fit to strengthen the discipline as well as the numbers in the ranks it is called on to fill in a sudden emergency. A trained soldier may recover his aptitude for drill, camp, or barrack life with extraordinary rapidity (I refer here to the infantry soldier only, for naturally the cavalry or artillery man cannot regain his efficiency all at once), but habits of discipline do not return at the first summons. The brightest armour soonest shows the evidence of neglect, and many hours of patient industry are needed before the rust vanishes; so we must all admit the irksomeness of bending our will anew to authority and principles which allow no response save prompt obedience. Moreover, the higher the intellectual acquisitions of the man since his emancipation from military duty the heavier is the task of submission to it on his return. Therefore Progress, as the world now interprets the word, whether it be intellectual, commercial, or in any form which fosters pacific arts, must act unfavourably upon army discipline. In the race for distinction in trade, manufactures, and peaceful pursuits, the successful soon learn to look coldly and even with contempt on the ribbon or cross which it is the soldier's incentive to gain. "If the bubble reputation won at the cannon's mouth" thus ceases to elevate him who gains it from the common herd, can he hope to hold his own at all in the *mêlée* of money-grubbers? His pride in his profession yields to circumstances; why should he devote body and soul to the service of a country which puts a money value on his deeds of valour in war, and regards him as an expensive encumbrance in time of peace? In a fit of momentary enthusiasm he enlists; within forty-eight hours his calmer judgment bids him begin to count the days till he can obtain his discharge, unless the awakening war-note should suddenly stir the pulses of his countrymen and all the former ardour for distinction be aroused within him. Then I admit that no thought of worldly advantage checks our soldiers, be they young or old; it is enough that there is an enemy before them, and whether or not they may look for ultimate reward it is their duty to fight for Queen and country. If the opening of the campaign be prolonged, and he can have but a few months of training in the field, our lad may develop into a soldier worthy to be associated in history with the veterans of Moore and Crawford. What those men accomplished, what discipline they displayed, what glory they brought to the British arms, are recorded with the fiery pen of William Napier; but while we read that stirring history we may fail to notice that the famous Light Division of Crawford owed

its discipline to the training it underwent chiefly in the time of peace under Moore, and that it would be unreasonable to expect a general of our day, however active and sagacious, to knit together the gallant boy-regiments of Aldershot and form a division which, without many months of preparation, could break the record of the march to Talavera or rival the glories of Badajoz. Doubtless we have Boy Stewarts and Sergeants McQuade amongst us still, men who, like the former, would prefer death to retreat, or ready, after the example of the latter, to sacrifice their lives in order to save an honoured leader; and hearts are brave, and there would be no shirking in the ranks when the leader's voice is heard, but where is the discipline, the offspring of many months of careful preparation? Will any foe we are likely to meet in Europe grant us even weeks, much less months, so that Recruit and Reservist, transferred from one numbered corps to another, may feel the vigorous hand of an uncompromising disciplinarian, and so be welded into a fighting body animated by the spirit of self-reliance and faith in authority which enabled the 43rd, 52nd, and 95th to bear fatigue, starvation, and loss till the limits of human endurance had been well-nigh reached? Nay! will not the note for preparation be followed only too rapidly by the cry for immediate action? Are we not weary of the consciousness that as a nation we are ever "The Unready"? If the policy of non-interference in any future European war be tacitly recognised, if not openly avowed, there may be logical force in our indifference. A powerful fleet, a little more attention to coast defence, and a grant of further aid to the Volunteers may suffice. Aldershot and the Curragh will supply and maintain the "efficients" in our Army in India, and we may sit still and await the issue in our insular security. But I do not believe that we have lost our old-fashioned pugnacity, nor are we less sensitive to insult than our forefathers. Perhaps before we have time to measure the consequences the bolt may fall, recklessness may scoff at prudence, and memories of Blenheim and Ramilies, Salamanca and Vittoria, and (naturally) Waterloo may tempt John Bull to rush into the fray, confident that he and his living sons may show themselves worthy of their sires. And so they will, but with a loss of brave men's lives and untold treasure which foresight and systematic preparation might have averted or rendered trifling. But for systematic preparation for war in time of peace the nation must submit to self-sacrifice, *i.e.*, discipline. Granting general conscription to be intolerable, we should at any price

retain the services of the best type of representatives we can induce to enlist voluntarily, and insist that no sense of security or a peaceful political horizon shall tempt the keeper of the national purse to weaken the number or efficiency of our first fighting line. We have seen how the Roman Legions trained in camps remote from cities and civil influences attained perfection in discipline; how, when suffered to mingle with the easy-going, pleasure-loving inhabitants of the towns they lost their warlike spirit, substituted the bow and arrow for the javelin and short sword, forgot the foot-to-foot attitude of their fighting days, and finally shrank timidly from the barbarians they had despised. Happily there are no signs that our Empire is tottering to its fall from causes such as crushed that of Rome; yet in our present heyday of prosperity and progress old lessons from the past excite ridicule rather than attention, and of all the bores of modern society the *laudator temporis acti* is most avoided. But every past age has in its turn been a present age, and the men of every age have been represented by their contemporaries as degenerate and inferior to their forefathers in morals and bodily strength; even Homer and Virgil sang of heroes who singly threw stones which half a dozen men of their times could not lift, while Horace and Juvenal described a progression in the degeneracy of their day such as ought to have extinguished the Latin race within the two next succeeding generations. So perhaps, when holding up the soldiers of Wellington as illustrating to what a high condition of discipline the uneducated recruit can attain by means of long and severe training, I show how lightly I have regarded the warning of the Wise man, "Say not thou, What is the cause that the former days were better than these?" Yet if I have preferred the example of the Peninsular to that of the Crimea, and quoted the pages of Napier rather than those of Kinglake, it has been through a feeling that my personal experiences of the latter campaign might induce me to put forward too strongly biased an opinion upon the risk we run in so organising our system of recruiting that the ranks of our Army at home are filled only with striplings all engaged in learning the rudiments of training and discipline, and dependent, on a sudden outbreak of war, upon Reservists themselves too long out of touch with military life to give that example of steadiness and resolution so necessary to guide and sustain their youthful comrades. I must, however, invite my readers to bear with me while I relate one incident of my personal experience closely bearing on this subject. The battalion of the Guards

in which I served embarked for the Crimean campaign 1,000 strong; not one man in the ranks had less than seven years' service. I will not do more than recall the events of that war; the vicissitudes of climate, the crowded, ill-found transport-ships, the ravages of the cholera, the long weary nights in the trenches amid snow and mud that baffled description, the privation of food and shelter, and the absence of all that could rouse enthusiasm except the well fought battles ending in victory. Verily our discipline was on its trial, and well did our men sustain it. There are survivors of those scenes, men who sprang from the same class as the recruits of to-day. Ask them why no grumbling was ever heard, no questions asked, no hesitating response to the call of duty; they will tell you that long habits of subordination and mutual confidence had made their regiment their home; and a grand old community it was! Between the non-commissioned officers, all of them men of lengthened experience, and the younger rank and file there existed a body of veteran soldiers, unfitted, perhaps, for the non-commissioned rank, but thoroughly reliable in all emergencies. In camp, in bivouac, in quarters, these men gave the tone and example to the rest; they were ever at the side of their officers at any moment of difficulty or danger, and I can never think of these men without deep regret that under the fascination of the short service theory we have discarded from the ranks the class in which the best type of the disciplined soldier could be found. His code of morality might not thoroughly satisfy the purist, and too often I fear, when at home, he pledged the health of Sir John Barleycorn as the grandest in the roll of knights, but for self-sacrifice, devotion to duty, contempt of danger, his equal will be rare to find; nor will he ever be found again if Englishmen forget that discipline is a quality of slow growth, demanding careful nurture alike in the soldier's camp and in the peaceful home.

GEORGE W. HIGGINSON.

ON LITERARY COLLABORATION.

AT the head of a little sheaf of excellent stories, all written in collaboration (*With my Friends*—Longmans), Mr. Brander Matthews places an introductory essay on the Art and Mystery of Collaboration. It is a subject on which a good deal has been written of late years, hitherto by those who know nothing about collaboration and have never attempted it. The temptation to write on any literary subject, whether one knows anything about it or not, is always too great to be resisted, even by the youngest and the most ignorant among us: whether it is on Publishing—a subject singularly attractive to those who know nothing whatever about it; whether it is the Decay of Art—a subject almost as attractive to the youthful critic; or whether it is Collaboration, the occasion is eagerly seized as soon as it offers, and the article is duly produced. As for any furtherance, or enlightenment, or suggestion, or increase of knowledge, that is as much to be expected from the paper as if the writer were talking of cuneiform inscriptions.

It is therefore with a sense of relief that one receives an essay written on this curious and very interesting subject by one who has taken it up seriously and here presents the world, not only with this paper upon Collaboration, but also, to show that he knows what he is talking about, with the latest results of his practice in it. The writer speaks from practical experience; and I am invited to say a few words upon the subject for exactly the same reason: viz., because I have myself seriously and systematically worked in this way.

I do not propose to set forth the exact methods and the divisions of work which were followed in my own collaboration. Suffice it to say that the general notion of collaboration, that it must be carried on by each man contributing every other word, every other page, or every other chapter, is absolutely erroneous. Let us, however, speak in general terms: and, in order to do so, let us take this instructive essay as a text.

In the first place, literary collaboration is no new thing. In the Elizabethan drama nearly all the dramatists worked in partnership, more or less; in France, Racine, Corneille, Molière, Quinault, Rotrou, all worked together; in Spain, Lope da Vega, Cervantes, Calderon, had partners. At the present day, the French stage is full of dramatic partnerships, while, to a less degree, partnership is found in our own theatre, as when Louis Stevenson and W. E. Henley have collaborated. In fiction we find Charles Dickens, Wilkie Collins, Charles Reade, Erckmann, Chatrian, Dumas, Rider Haggard, Andrew Lang, Rudyard Kipling, and, lastly, Brander Matthews himself, with his goodly company.

Of all kinds of collaboration that in the making of plays seems to have been most successful. A consideration of this fact and its reasons leads one a long way towards arriving at the true principle of collaboration. The fact has been stated before, but not, I believe, the reasons. They are, in the words of Mr. Brander Matthews, "because a play calls primarily for forethought, ingenuity, construction, and compression, in the attainment of which two heads are better than one." Now, there is so much that the sister arts of the drama and fiction have in common that we may consider how these requirements are affected when the two heads are engaged upon a novel instead of a play. For instance, the dramatic faculty is essential to a novelist. Even when Thackeray, as in *Vanity Fair*, is working without any apparent study of situation, it is the art which conceals art, because he is preparing all the time for the situation. In his earlier and shorter works he is full of dramatic effects. Again, in both arts there is the necessity of arresting at the outset, or very soon, the reader's attention; the necessity of always keeping the main theme before the reader; the necessity of keeping the characters clearly and distinctly drawn. It is a very simple and useful rule to be remembered by everyone who attempts the art of fiction that what is wanted for a play is also wanted for a novel. Behind the writing, however epigrammatic, attractive, and pleasing it may be, there must be the fable, with the characters which play it; there must be construction, compression, selection, and grouping. All these requirements should be provided and arranged in story as well as in play before the writing begins; and with story as well as with play it may be that in this part of the work two heads will prove better than one. Mr. Brander Matthews maintains that collaboration in plays has actually produced better work from two together than from

either separately. I do not think that this can be said of novels, though in the case of Erckmann and Chatrian there is not, I believe, any separate work of either which can be compared with the combined work of both.

Mr. Matthews says: "It has been objected that in books prepared in partnership the writing is hard and arid, as though each writer were working on a foreign suggestion, and lacking the freedom with which a man may treat his own invention." I wish the writer had added to these words a reference to the objector—who was he?—and to the books which he had in his mind—what were they? Certain I am that in no case of real partnership which I can recall can such an objection be raised or admitted. Certainly not that of Erckmann and Chatrian; nor to those brief and fleeting partnerships, like amourettes of an hour, which have produced the half-dozen charming stories in the volume before me. If, in fact, the writing ever does betray foreign suggestion the partnership has been a failure: the very essence of literary partnership is that the result must appear just as spontaneous, just as entirely individual, as if it had been the creation of a single mind and the work of a single pen. But the weight of such an objection as this depends upon the weight of the objector.

Let me illustrate this point by a personal experience. In the autumn of 1889 I was requested by Wilkie Collins, then in his last illness, to complete his novel called *Blind Love*. I was at the time in Yorkshire, and could not talk over the work with him, and, besides, he was himself too ill for the mental effort of discussion. He, therefore, sent me proofs of the part already completed, and a detailed scenario of the rest. Understand, therefore, that I was only in part collaborator, because the story was complete in notes, construction, character, and even fragments of dialogue, without any assistance of mine. All was done but the writing. My chief duty, therefore, was, if possible, to carry on the story to the end without any obvious break in the style. Now, had I revealed, on the publication of the book, the exact place where one hand ended and the other began, there would have been a chance—much too good to be lost—for the sagacious critic to point out the deplorable effect produced by the difference in style. He could not have resisted the temptation—he would have laid his unerring finger upon that spot: he would have called attention to the obvious change of style, beginning there: he would have insisted on the injury done to the book by this change. Therefore, knowing what would happen were I to fall into

this trap, I was careful in the preface to avoid any indication of the spot where this deplorable break, or this *junctura callida*, occurred, and I only observed that doubtless the sagacious critic would readily find out the place for himself. No sagacious critic accepted the invitation, no one even attempted to lay his finger on the place. One, a lady, pointed out to me, privately, certain small indications of my handiwork towards the end of the book, but she could not discover the place where Wilkie Collins ended. This, then, was a case, I submit, in which the manner and method of collaboration were known, and yet the writing did not suggest—at all events immediately so as to offend the reader—another hand. If it did, no critic said so. And if any critic had said so, I should have invited him to point out where the foreign element came in.

Collaboration has, as might be expected, limitations. One of these is strongly insisted upon by Mr. Matthews. He says: "It fails to satisfy where there is need of profound meditation, of solemn self-interrogation, or of lofty imagination . . . where there may be a joy in the power of unexpected expansion, and where there may be a charm of veiled beauty vague and fleeting, visible at a glimpse only, and intangible always, two men would be each in the other's way. . . . A task of this delicacy belongs of right to the lonely student in the silent watches of the night, or in solitary walks under the greenwood tree, and far from the madding crowd." One might take certain exceptions to this passage: one might point out that the writer seems to contradict himself when he elsewhere says that "it matters little who holds the pen," because, given to one partner the task of writing the whole story, previously arranged in all its parts, there seems no reason why the hand that writes should not pour into the work as much of his own soul, his own imagination, his own fancy, romance, pathos, as if he had no partner at all. But I think we may accept the limitation simply because people will always think that in a work of collaboration they are listening to two voices. To touch the deeper things one must be alone. Two men talking together, using the same words, on solemn subjects, like a church congregation, might look ridiculous. One must, alone, speak to the alone. To treat of the graver things one must, alone, construct the machinery. Satire, fun, humour, pathos of a kind, all may be exhibited at their best in partnership. But some things cannot be treated at all in this way. Jefferies could never have written the *Story of My Heart* in partnership—in fact, there is not a line in Jefferies that could be the work of anyone

else. Nor do I think that Thackeray, although he chats so pleasantly about collaboration in the *Roundabout Papers*, could possibly have collaborated. Dickens, we know, could, and did. There is nothing at all in Wilkie Collins or Charles Reade that might not have been written in collaboration. That is because these writers are first and foremost, and always, story tellers. There is nothing, perhaps, to take a young writer of the day, in Barrie's work that could be written in collaboration, because this writer is first and always a portrait painter: he draws character. Neither in the study of the wanderings and development of the individual soul, nor in the development of character, nor in the work of pure and lofty imagination, is collaboration possible. But in the telling of a story it may be not only possible but useful, and the mother of better work than either would, or could, do separately.

There are other minor limitations to collaboration. For instance, there are the personal limitations. It is obvious that every work is limited by the strength, the insight, and the power of expression; the humour and the pathos; the satire and the fun; the dramatic power and the magnetic power, possessed by the stronger of the two partners. It is also obvious that in every such partnership one will be stronger than the other in certain qualities. Therefore, the spirit of compromise and the readiness to sacrifice personal vanity are factors of no small importance in work which may bring mind closer to mind than in any other task.

Let us consider, next, the writing. Mr. Brander Matthews, impressed with the conviction that the story is everything, says that it matters little who writes the book. He assumes that both partners are equal in attraction and charm of style as in other respects. Let us accept that assumption. Let us grant, for the moment—though it is not true—that no writer would collaborate with anyone not his own equal in power and charm of style. Even on this assumption I cannot agree with him. I think that in every kind of partnership, and especially in literary partnerships, one of the two must be in authority: one of the two must have the final word: one of the two must be permitted to put the last touches. It may happen, and it should happen, that two minds accustomed to work together in this way would carry on a plot and get all that there is to be got out of a situation or an incident easily and harmoniously, so that the labour might be halved; yet, as Mr. Matthews very properly insists, literary partners must never begin to measure each other's work. But literary style is another thing. It is individual. One of the two must impress his own individuality

upon the work. The two partners may take turn about, if they please, in revising, or even in writing. A true literary partnership is, as I will show directly, quite consistent with such an arrangement of the work. The presentment of the story must seem to be by one man. No one would listen to two men telling it together. We must hear—or think we hear—one voice. Therefore, one man must finally revise, or even write the whole work. Now this is the rock on which many literary partnerships get wrecked and love's labour is lost. The partners conceive that each must write as much as the other. For instance, there was sent to me the other day a MS. novel written in partnership, with the usual request that I would read it and give an opinion on it—in other words, that I would sacrifice two whole days to the task of making two life-long enemies. The authors of this work (which has not yet seen the light) had carefully arranged their fable and their characters. But unfortunately they proceeded to make the great mistake of writing it in alternate chapters. Now, the style of one was not in the least like the style of the other; the effect was that of two men taking turns to tell the same story, each in his own way and from his own point of view. Nothing could have been more grotesque; nothing more ineffective. Every one of the characters talked with two voices and two brains, and had two faces. The thing was a horrid nightmare.

One of the two, then, I repeat—not necessarily always the same one—absolutely must have the revision of the work or the writing of the work.

Can, then, the other man who has contributed only rough drafts here and there, or even perhaps nothing at all in writing, be called a collaborator? Most certainly he can. And in the recognition—for the first time—of this fact lies, I think, the chief value of the essay before us.

Consider the work before a partnership engaged upon a novel. One of the two must contribute the leading *motif* of the work. Here we have the infant. It is not possible for a child to have two mothers, but a child may be watched, trained, educated, and moulded by two women. For a single child with two nurses substitute a group with two directors. The first idea suggests leading situations; these suggest characters; these again other characters; in the discussions concerning these it is obvious that there must be many divergencies into paths perilous, many turnings back, many experiments, many failures, many happy discoveries, many checks, before the whole is concluded. Surely, when

two minds are engaged in producing this result, both may be called partners in the work.

But there is much more. When the scenario is finally arranged, consider what each partner may further put into the work. Nothing can be got out of a work of art except what has been put into it. It will be the function of each to contribute all he can, without stint, of knowledge, of recollection, of experience, of fancy, of suggestion. If he has travelled, his travels furnish a mine of observation ; if he has gone about among men and travelled with his ears and eyes open to mark, learn, and inwardly digest, he has all that experience ; he has perhaps read thousands of books ; he has perhaps known many strange characters ; he has had experiences, adventures, follies ; he has heard the midnight bells ; he has feasted and caroused ; he knows what we sadly call the fleeting joys ; he has loved, and been loved. If he throws into the work all the harvest of his life shall he not be called a partner?

Of course, the admission into partnership, the allowing of any claim to partnership, of one who has written none of the book, is a thing which might lead to great abuses and preposterous pretensions. A man who only suggests a single situation afterwards adopted by a novelist may on that ground claim partnership : or a daily newspaper, which continually suggests ideas, might, on similar grounds, claim partnership. As it is, we constantly hear of men claiming to have inspired this work or that. Novelists are always being accused of stealing plots or characters. A man once called upon me to remonstrate tearfully with me on my custom, which, he said, I could not deny, of stealing his ideas by means of hypnotism. I have also received dozens of proposals from persons wishing to enter into partnership with me. One man offers a magnificent plot on the trifling condition that his name shall appear on the title page as collaborator. It is difficult to make this person understand that much more than a plot must be expected of a partner. Another sends a bulky MS. If I will only revise it and put his name with mine on the title page it is at my service. That man cannot understand that the work of an editor is not the work of collaboration. A third simply puts himself, his genius, his experience, his reputation—all—at my service in return for literary partnership. That man cannot understand that one would as soon offer to marry a girl met once at an evening party—or perhaps never met at all—as to take into partnership a complete stranger.

Brander Matthews insists strongly—I have already dwelt upon this

important point—that the main advantage of partnership lies in the discussion of the plot and its situations, and the hammering out of all the effects of which they are capable. To state this is to state the apology of literary partnership. Not the saving of labour, but the improvement of the work should be the reason for partnership. Two minds working upon the same idea, having the same object in view, and agreed upon the group of characters to carry out the plan of the piece, ought to arrive, more certainly and more clearly than one mind alone, not only at the possibilities but also at the certainties of the subject. They should discover the Fate—the Necessity—which compels the actors to the end.

These considerations lead to another most important point. As in the partnership of marriage, so in that of literature, those unions are happiest and best where the two partners have many points of unlikeness as well as some of likeness. There should be of course—what never can be, because no two men are equal in any respect—equal invention, equal dramatic power, equal perception of proportion, equal artistic sense. With these there may be—and, perhaps, should be—unlikeness in pursuits, learning, experience, private life, birth, social connections, tastes, training, and temperament. It is easy to find a man unlike oneself; it is not so easy to light upon one qualified for partnership by points of similarity.

A lower kind of collaboration is when a man works for another; hunts up facts for him, consults Blue-books for him, finds out cases and precedents, gets up the scientific diagnoses of mental or bodily diseases, traces genealogies, clears away legal difficulties, copies MSS., and so forth. Such a man is not a partner: he is a secretary, or a stage manager: all he contributes to the play is the mounting

Nor need we consider the Ghost, who is becoming quite an institution in these days. In confidential talks with persons "down below," in the lower walks of literature, one lights upon the Ghost in a very surprising manner. The Ghost himself, to keep up the pretence, calls it conducting research or making notes. Sometimes he keeps absolute silence on the subject. In reality he does the whole work, and his employer puts his name to it. One such employer—one such Ghost—I heard of the other day. The Ghost was a young lady, clever and unknown. She conducted the research for her employer, and gave him her "notes," which subsequently appeared in a magazine just as she had sent it in with his name, and no other alteration or addition at all; and a very creditable piece of work it was. Ambition

tempts men to fall into the abyss of engaging the services of the Ghost. Poverty tempts other men—and women—to enact this spectral part.

To sum up, the chief advantage of collaboration is that it is tolerably certain to produce clearness of purpose, a well-defined plot, and distinct characters. There is the danger that there may be too much distinctness—a loss of atmosphere—not enough left to the imagination. Living men and women are not always distinct; they change from day to day; they possess more than one characteristic: the miser is not always paring the cheese; the man of science is not always in his laboratory; the shrew is sometimes good tempered; the wanton is sometimes serious and chaste. That is a real danger, and it is only to be avoided by giving, as I have demanded, the final revision to one of the two partners. As for collaboration being a saving of labour, it may be so sometimes, but I would not press that point. From my own experience, I should say that it is not, especially when it results in the improvement of the work, any saving at all. Discussion, you see, is far less rapid than thought. Meantime, let it be remembered that the dramatist or the novelist can find nothing more helpful to his work than to talk over it. When a plot, an incident, a situation, a character, is discussed a thousand combinations occur and rise up in the mind in conversation. Those which are useless, inartistic, or unnecessary are most easily picked out and thrown away in conversation. Those which remain are most easily passed in review in conversation.

The great—the very great—objection to literary partnerships is the difficulty of finding your partner. Mr. Brander Matthews has been so happy as to find several: I have only been able to find two. To take a man into partnership even for a short story or a short play is a step attended with great risks: it may lead to certain failure, with certain quarrels, recriminations, and pretensions. Why did the novel fail? Because of the other man. Or, if it was not a failure, why did the thing succeed? In spite of the other man. Of course, one knows men who could not possibly say such things. Unfortunately, there are men who could and would. Therefore, one would advise a young literary man not to attempt partnership until he has proved his own strength. Perhaps not even then: it is not always that an artist can admit another man to work upon his canvas. But let him not hamper himself at the outset. When he has had a few years' experience, the man whom he would now willingly accept as his partner may be far, very far below him. Reputations in literature are made sometimes very

suddenly and very unexpectedly. Let him, therefore, wait. In any case a literary partnership, though it may result in many volumes when the partners are happily able to work together evenly and harmoniously, without jealousy, without measuring each other's share, can only, from the nature of the case, be one from book to book—from play to play—from one fable to another.

There is, however, one kind of collaboration not put forward by Mr. Brander Matthews, which may be recommended very strongly to every young literary workman. I would advise him to find among his friends—cousins—sisters' friends—a girl, intelligent, sympathetic, and quick; a girl who will lend him her ear, listen to his plot, and discuss his characters. Perhaps he would like to get engaged to her—that is a detail: if he does it might not injure the collaboration. She should be a girl of quick imagination, who does not, or cannot, write—there are still, happily, many such girls. When he has confided to her his characters all in the rough, with the part they have to play all in the rough, he may reckon on presently getting them back again, but advanced—much less in the rough. Woman does not create, but she receives, moulds, and develops. The figures will go back to their creator, distinct and clear, no longer shivering unclothed, but made up and dressed for the stage. Merely by talking with this girl everything that was chaotic falls into order; the characters, which were dim and shapeless, become alive, full grown, articulate. As in every day life, so in imaginative work, woman should be man's best partner—the most generous—the least exacting—the most certain never to quarrel over her share of the work, her share of the κῦδος, her share of the pay.

WALTER BESANT.

THREE WARS.

WAR! In France, to men of my generation, men who have passed their fiftieth year, this terrible word awakens three special memories, the memory of the Crimean expedition, of the campaign in Italy, and of our disasters in 1870. What victories, what defeats, and what a lesson!

Assuredly, war is accursed. It is a horrible thing that nations should cut each other's throats. According to our progressive humanitarian ideas, war must disappear on the day when nations come to exchange a kiss of peace. There are exalted minds which, beyond their native country, behold humanity, and prophesy universal concord. But how these theories fall to pieces on the day when the country is threatened! The philosophers themselves snatch a gun and shoot. All declarations of fraternity are over; and only a cry for extermination rises from the breast of the whole nation. For war is a dark necessity, like death. It may be that we must have something of a dungheap to keep civilisation in flower. It is necessary that death should affirm life; and war is like those cataclysms of the antediluvian world which prepared the world of man.

We have grown tender; we make moan over every existence that passes away. And yet, do we know how many existences, more or less, are needed to balance the life of the earth? We yield to the idea that an existence is sacred. Perhaps the fatalism of the ancients, which could behold the massacres of old without leaping to a Utopia of universal brotherhood, had a truer greatness. To keep ourselves manly, to accept the dark work wrought by death in that night wherein none of us can read, to tell ourselves that, after all, people die, and that there are merely hours in which they die more—this, when all is said, is the wise man's attitude. Those who are angry with war should be angry with all human infirmities. The soft-hearted philosophers who have been loudest in their

curses of war, have been obliged to perceive that war will be the weapon of progress until the day when, ideal civilisation being attained, all nations join in the festival of universal peace. But that ideal civilisation lies so remote in the blue future, that there will assuredly be fighting for centuries yet. It is the fashionable thing, just now, to consider war as an old remnant of barbarism, from which the Republic will one day set us free. To declaim against war is one way of setting up as a progressive person. But let a single cry of alarm arise upon the frontier, let a trumpet sound in the street, and we shall all be shouting for arms. War is in the blood of man.

Victor Hugo wrote that only kings desired war, that nations desired only to exchange marks of affection. Alas! that was but a poetic aspiration. The poet has been the high priest of that dream-peace of which I spoke; he celebrated the *United States* of Europe, he put forward the brotherhood of nations, and prophesied the new golden age. Nothing could be sweeter or larger. But to be brothers is a trifle; the first thing is to love one another, and the nations do not love one another at all. A falsehood is bad, merely in that it is a falsehood. Undoubtedly, a sovereign, when he sees himself in danger, may try the fortune of war against a neighbour, in the hope of consolidating his throne by victory. But after the first victory, or the first defeat, the nation makes the war its own, and fights for itself. If it were not fighting for itself, it would not go on fighting. And what shall we say of really national wars? Let us suppose that France and Germany some day again find themselves face to face. Republic, empire, or kingdom, the Government will count for nothing; it will be the whole nation which will rise. A great thrill will run from end to end of the land. The bugles will sound of themselves to call the people together. There has been war germinating in our midst, in spite of ourselves, these twenty years, and if ever the hour strikes, it will rise, an overflowing harvest, in every furrow.

Three times in my life, I repeat, have I felt the passage of war over France; and never shall I forget the particular sound made by her wings. First of all comes a far off murmur, heralding the approach of a great wind. The murmur grows, the tumult bursts, every heart beats: a dizzy enthusiasm, a need of killing and conquering takes hold of the nation. Then, when the men are gone and the noise has sunk, an anxious silence reigns, and every ear is on the stretch for the first cry from the army. Will it be a cry of triumph or of defeat? It is a terrible moment.

Contradictory news comes ; every tiniest indication is seized, every word is pondered and discussed until the hour when the truth is known. And what an hour that is, of delirious joy or horrible despair!

I.

I was fourteen at the time of the Crimean war. I was a pupil in the College of Aix, shut up with two or three hundred other urchins in an old Benedictine convent, whose long corridors and vast halls retained a great dreariness. But the two courts were cheerful under the spreading blue immensity of that glorious Southern sky. It is a tender memory that I keep of that college, in spite of the sufferings that I endured there.

I was fourteen then ; I was no longer a small boy, and yet I feel to-day how complete was the ignorance of the world in which we were living. In that forgotten corner, even the echo of great events hardly reached us. The town, a sad, old, dead capital, slumbered in the midst of its arid landscape ; and the college, close to the ramparts, in the deserted quarter of the town, slumbered even more deeply. I do not remember any political catastrophe ever passing its walls while I was cloistered there. The Crimean war alone moved us, and even as to that it is probable that weeks elapsed before the fame of it reached us.

When I recall my memories of that time, I smile to think what war was to us country schoolboys. In the first place, everything was extremely vague. The theatre of the struggle was so distant, so lost in a strange and savage country, that we seemed to be looking on at a story come true out of the *Arabian Nights*. We did not clearly know where the fighting was ; and I do not remember that we had at any time curiosity enough to consult the atlases in our hands. It must be said that our teachers kept us in absolute ignorance of modern life. They themselves read the papers and learned the news ; but they never opened their mouths to us about such things, and if we had questioned them, they would have dismissed us sternly to our exercises and essays. We knew nothing precise, except that France was fighting in the East, for reasons not within our ken.

Certain points, however, stood out clear. We repeated the classic jokes about the Cossacks. We knew the names of two or three Russian generals, and we were not far from attributing to these generals the heads of child-devouring monsters. Moreover, we did not for one moment admit the possibility that the French could be beaten. That would have

appeared to us contrary to the laws of nature. Then there were gaps. As the campaign was prolonged, we would forget, for months at a time, that there was any fighting, until some day some report came to arouse our attention again. I cannot tell whether we knew of the battles as they happened, or whether we felt the thrill which the fall of Sebastopol gave to France. All these things are confused. Virgil and Homer were realities which caused us more concern than the contemporary quarrels of nations.

I only remember that for a time there was a game greatly in favour in our playgrounds. We divided ourselves into two camps. We drew two lines on the ground, and proceeded to fight. It was "prisoners' base" simplified. One camp represented the Russian and one the French army. Naturally, the Russians ought to have been defeated, but the contrary sometimes occurred; the fury was extraordinary and the riot frightful. At the end of a week the superintendent was obliged to forbid this delightful game, two boys had had to be put on the sick list, with broken heads.

Among the most distinguished in these conflicts was a tall, fair lad, who always got chosen General. Louis, who belonged to an old Breton family that had come to live in the South, assumed victorious airs. I can see him yet, with a handkerchief tied on his forehead by way of plume, a leather belt girded round him, leading on his soldiers with a wave of the hand as if it were the great wave of a sword. He filled us with admiration; we even felt a sort of respect for him. Strangely enough he had a twin brother, Julien, who was much smaller, frail and delicate, and who greatly disliked these violent games. When we divided into two camps, he would go apart, sit down on a stone bench, and thence watch us with his sad and rather frightened eyes. One day, Louis, hustled and attacked by a whole band, fell under their blows, and Julien gave a cry, pallid, trembling, half-fainting like a woman. The two brothers adored each other, and none of us would have dared to laugh at the little one about his want of courage, for fear of the big one.

The memory of these twins is closely involved for me in the memory of that time. Towards the spring, I became a day-boarder, and no longer slept at the college, but came in the morning for the seven o'clock lessons. The two brothers, also, were day-boarders. The three of us were inseparable. As we lived in the same street we used to wait to go in to college together. Louis, who was very precocious and dreamed of adventures, seduced us. We agreed to leave home at

six, so as to have a whole hour of freedom in which we could be men. For us "to be men" meant to smoke cigars and to go and have drinks at a shabby wine shop, which Louis had discovered in an out-of-the-way street. The cigars and the drinks made us frightfully ill; but, then, what an emotion it was to step into the wine shop, casting glances to right and left, and in terror of being observed.

These fine doings occurred towards the close of the winter. I remember there were mornings when the rain fell in torrents. We waded through, and arrived drenched. After that, the mornings became mild and fair, and then a mania took hold of us—that of going to see off the soldiers. Aix is on the road to Marseilles. Regiments came into the town by the road from Avignon, slept one night, and started off on the morrow by the road to Marseilles. At that time, fresh troops, especially cavalry and artillery, were being sent to the Crimea. Not a week elapsed without troops passing. A local paper even announced these movements beforehand, for the benefit of the inhabitants with whom the men lodged. Only we did not read the paper, and we were much concerned to know overnight whether there would be soldiers leaving in the morning. As the departure occurred at five in the morning, we were obliged to get up very early, often to no purpose.

What a happy time it was! Louis and Julien would come and call me from the middle of the street, where not a person was yet to be seen. I hurried down. It would be chilly, notwithstanding the springtime mildness of the days, and we three would cross the empty town. When a regiment was leaving, the soldiers would be assembling on the Cours, before a hotel where the colonel generally stayed. Therefore the moment that we turned into the Cours, our necks were stretched out eagerly. If the Cours was empty, what a blow! And it was often empty. On those mornings, though we did not say so, we regretted our beds, and cooled our heels till seven o'clock, not knowing what to do with our freedom. But, then, what joy it was, when we turned the street and saw the Cours full of men and horses. An amazing commotion arose in the slight morning chill. Soldiers came in from every direction, while the drums beat and the bugles called. The officers had great difficulty in forming them on this esplanade. However, order was established, little by little, the ranks closed up, while we talked to the men and slipped under the horses' legs, at the risk of being crushed. Nor were we the only people to enjoy this scene. Small proprietors appeared one by one, early townsfolk, and all that part of the population

which rises betimes. Soon there were crowds. The sun rose. The gold and steel of the uniforms shone in the clear morning light.

We thus beheld, upon the Cours of that peaceful and still drowsy town, Dragoons, Cavalry Chasseurs, Lancers, and, in fact, all branches of light and heavy cavalry. But our favourites, those who aroused our keenest enthusiasm, were the Cuirassiers. They dazzled us as they sat square on their stout horses, with the glowing star of their breastplates before them. Their helmets took fire in the rising sun; their ranks were like rows of suns, whose rays shone on the neighbouring houses. When we knew that there were Cuirassiers going, we got up at four, so eager were we to fill our eyes with their glories.

At last, however, the colonel would appear. The colours, which had passed the night with him, were displayed. And all at once, after two or three words of command cried aloud, the regiment gave way. It went down the Cours, and with the first fall of the hoofs on the dry earth, rose a beat of drums which made our hearts leap within us. We ran to keep at the head of the column, abreast of the band, which was greeting the town, as it went at a double. First there came three shrill bugle notes as a summons to the players, then the trumpet call broke out, and covered everything with its sounds. Outside the gates the "double" was ended in the open, where the last notes died away. Then there was a turn to the left along the Marseilles road, a fine road planted with elms hundreds of years old. The horses went at a foot pace, in rather open order, on the wide highway, white with dust. We felt as if we were going, too. The town was remote, college was forgotten; we ran and ran, delighted with our outbreak. It was like setting out to war ourselves every week.

Ah, those lovely mornings! It was six o'clock, the sun, already high, lighted the country with great sloping rays. A milder warmth breathed through the little chill breeze of morning. Groups of birds flew up from the hedges. Far off the meadows were bathed in pink mist; and amid this smiling landscape these beautiful soldiers, the Cuirassiers shining like stars, passed with their glowing breasts. The road turned suddenly at the dip of a deep valley. The curious townsfolk never went farther; soon we were the only ones persisting. We went down the slope and reached the bridge crossing the river at the very bottom. It was only there that uneasiness would fall on us. It must be nearly seven; we had only just time to run home, if we did not wish to miss college. Often we suffered ourselves to be carried away; we pushed on farther still; and

on those days we played truant, roaming about till noon, hiding ourselves in the grassy holes at the edge of the waterfall. At other times we stopped at the bridge, sitting on the stone parapet, and never losing sight of the regiment, as it went up the opposite slope of the valley before us. It was a moving spectacle. The road went up the hillside in a straight line for rather more than a mile. The horses slackened their pace yet more, the men grew smaller with the rhythmic swaying of their steeds. At first, each breastplate and each helmet was like a sun. Then the suns dwindled, and soon there was only an army of stars on the march. Finally, the last man disappeared and the road was bare. Nothing was left of the beautiful regiment that had passed by, except a memory.

We were only children; but, all the same, that spectacle made us grave. As the regiment slowly mounted the steep, we would be taken by a great silence, our eyes fixed upon the troop, in despair at the thought of losing it, and when it had disappeared, something tightened in our throats, and for a moment or two we still watched the distant rock behind which it had just vanished. Would it ever come back? Would it some day come down this hillside again? These questions, stirring sadly within us, made us sad. Good-bye, beautiful regiment.

Julien, in particular, always came home very tired. He only came so far in order not to leave his brother. These excursions knocked him up, and he had a mortal terror of the horses. I remember that one day we had lingered in the train of an artillery regiment, and spent the day in the open fields. Louis was wild with enthusiasm. When we had breakfasted on an omelette, in a village, he took us to a bend of the river, where he was set upon bathing. Then he talked of going for a soldier as soon as he was old enough.

"No, no!" cried Julien, flinging his arms round his neck. He was quite pale. His brother laughed and called him a great stupid. But he repeated: "You would be killed, I know you would."

On that day, Julien, excited, and jeered at by us, spoke his mind. He thought the soldiers horrid, he did not see what there was in them to attract us. It was all the soldiers' fault, because if there were not any soldiers, there would not be any fighting. In fact, he hated war; it terrified him, and, later on, he would find some way to prevent his brother from going. It was a sort of morbid, unconquerable aversion which he felt.

Weeks and months went by. We had got tired of the regiments; we had found out another sport, which was to go fishing, of a morning, for the

little fresh-water fish, and to eat what we caught in a third-rate tavern. The water was icy. Julien got a cold on the chest, of which he nearly died. In college, war was no longer talked about. We had fallen back deeper than ever into Homer and Virgil. All at once, we learned that the French had conquered, which seemed to us quite natural. Then, regiments again began to pass, but in the other direction. They no longer interested us; still, we did see two or three. They did not seem to us so fine, diminished as they were by half—and the rest is lost in a mist. Such was the Crimean war, in France, for schoolboys shut up in a country college.

EMILE ZOLA.

(To be continued.)

THE MARRIAGE TIE: ITS SANCTITY AND ITS ABUSE.

AGAIN the question of the rigid fixity or easy dissolubility of marriage has come to the front; and the difficulty of harmonising two irreconcilable positions, each of which has something to say for itself, fills men's minds with anxious speculations. Whether is it better to keep up the fiction of an unworkable ideal in the teeth of fact, or confess its practical failure and do the best we can with things as they are?—whether must the abstract theory of the well-being of society override the yearning desire of countless grieving individuals for happiness, or may the claims of the individual be allowed, even at the cost of a lower social standard and a more restricted moral ideal? This is what men are asking themselves; and who is there to answer? It is as old as the first law that said "Thou shalt not," and this man and another said "I will"; and the difficulty of adjustment between the good of society and the demands of human nature is as great as that of fitting square pegs into round holes and corking bottles with cobwebs.

In many Roman Catholic countries—not in all—where marriage is a sacrament and indissoluble, infidelity is leniently regarded. The frailty of human nature, the fact that inconstancy is part of that human nature, and the imperative need of the heart for love, have their due weight with those who rule conscience in private and those who set the order of moral allowances in public. The fetters are irremovable, therefore they are made easier in the wearing than with those who can free themselves of theirs, almost at pleasure;—which last system at least gets rid of the necessity for lies, treachery—the rival's caresses to the betrayed wife—the "friend's" hearty handshake to the dishonoured husband—and all those debasing elements of an intrigue which hurt the nature far more than the mere fact of inconstancy pure and simple. Here, then, in those countries where marriage is indissoluble we have the ideal *in excelsis*, with

a sadly dwarfed standard in practice; and between the religious sacrament on the one hand and the modifying *cicisbeo* on the other—the undivorceable wife and the supplementary *petite femme*—we have space enough for reflection and ample materials for careful weighing.

On the other hand, with divorce made as easy as it is in certain States in America, the marriage bond has no sanctity at all, and the good of the family has no valid influence. Love is degraded to animal instinct or whittled away to temporary caprice; but the magistrate gives a clean bill for future endorsement, and the whole relation becomes one of legalised and very slightly-veiled promiscuity. Held by no tie stronger than that of desire, a transient weariness, which a little self-control would overcome, takes the dimensions of unconquerable aversion; and the present association is broken with no more sense of solemnity than two players cut afresh for partners at the end of the rubber. Infidelity has lost its sin, inconstancy its shame, because marriage has lost both honour and stability. The children generally remain with the mother, perhaps to grow accustomed to a succession of step-fathers, which must a little bewilder their ideas of continuity. But like the lady whose three divorced husbands were her constant card-table companions, women under this loose system are hardened to the situation, and its piquancy is lost in its familiarity.

Here, then, we have the two extremes of indissoluble fixity and fluid instability; and it would be hard to say which system is the more disastrous to morality. In both alike the morality of women suffers more than that of men, and in both alike they take full advantage of their opportunities. "De Rastignac" is a recognised institution here; there, by far the largest proportion of those who apply for divorce on grounds which are eminently those of weariness only, are women, not men. This is a fact not to be ignored by those who oppose any loosening of the marriage tie, as we have it, on the plea of the interests of women and for the preservation of their domestic security and married stability. It is they, not the men, who get impatient with the monotony and inevitable friction of daily life; they who rush to divorce because of weariness, not the men, who, perhaps indemnifying themselves out of doors for the boredom or strained relations within, are able to bear with more equanimity than the women, conditions which press less heavily on them than on those women.

We in England have effected the compromise dear to our minds. Abolishing the irrevocable sacrament, we retain the idea of sanctity

while the tie lasts. Allowing the relief of divorce, we do not make it too easy to come by. For nothing but infidelity can a man get rid of his wife. For nothing but the same crime complicated with cruelty, desertion, and two other causes of rare occurrence, as well as for a condition of things where no crime is possible at all, can a woman get rid of her husband. Thus we have placed our essential idea of marriage on one relation only—and that the most elementary. Our vow to keep together "for better, for worse," has a fine ring in it, and is nobly conceived; yet in pity for the weakness of human nature and its pathetic craving for happiness, we might a little restrict that promise for "worse" and add other causes for legitimate divorce to the primitive one alone recognised.

In our care to uphold the ideal we run the risk of sacrificing truth to a lie—real morality to a ghostly superstition. Granting all the need there is for stable conditions in marriage, on which the family is founded—the family being the unit of that aggregate we call society—the centre of order and discipline by which law is made possible—granting the dangers involved in laxity, still, by the more complex state of modern society, and the increase of area both in vice and virtue, the true meaning of marriage is lost in other ways beside those of personal infidelity, and the law of divorce ought to be stretched wide enough to include them.

Habitual drunkenness, madness, and felony ought, all three, to be causes for the dissolution of a tie which, because of these things, has lost both its sanctity and its significance.

We marry for the sake of offspring. Underneath all the personal passion of that fever we call love lies this other impelling if unconscious instinct. The preservation of the race is an instinct as strong as, and even stronger than, that of self-preservation; and, consciously or unconsciously, children are the root of marriage. What kind of children can we give to the State when one parent is a drunkard or a maniac? What is the "great sin of great cities" but the immoral propagation of disease, vice, and pauperism? What is true of the poor is true also of the rich; and a drunkard in broadcloth makes as disastrous a father as a drunkard in shoddy—a woman who has inherited madness gives no better chances to her children because she drinks champagne than one who forgets her dawning miseries in gin. We do not build our ships of unsound timber, and we do not arm our troops with weapons that shoot backwards. Nor ought society to be made up of these rotten and

devastating elements. If the introduction into a man's family of spurious blood is a cause for divorce, so also should be the introduction into the family, on either side, of blood vitiated by drunkenness and rendered dangerous by madness.

Again, felony destroys the very meaning of marriage both by its separation and its dishonour. Felony is comparatively a modern crime, and belongs to a cultivated and advanced state of society. In savage or barbarous communities, where adultery is punished with death, felony is no crime because not in existence at all. But with the increased complexity and greater evolution of society, this comes in as a dishonour and a crime. If we think of what this offence includes we surely must see the need of making this, too, a cause for divorce. Penal servitude for, say, twenty years—to what does this condemn the innocent partner? Why should we think it holy or wholesome to condemn one who has done no wrong to be bound to the body of this death for perhaps the whole of his or her natural life? For better, for worse? A fine ideal, surely. Yes—but how bitterly cruel, how unrighteously unjust in this special application. The woman's home left masterless—she and her children destitute—yet by the crime of her husband and the ironical sanctity of the ideal the possibility of help and protection denied her. And so with the husband. His drunken virago has put the climax on her misdeeds and has got her sentence of imprisonment for so many years—but he is debarred the household help of another mother for his children; and when the convicted felon has worked out her sentence and is once more at large she is also once more his wife and can claim both his companionship and his support. This is surely eminently unfair, and holding to the letter which killeth rather than to the spirit which giveth life. It is against the very text, not to speak of the meaning, of the marriage service; for where is the "mutual society, help, and comfort that the one ought to have of the other, both in prosperity and adversity" for which among other reasons "marriage" was "ordained"? Can we call wilful and deliberate crime "adversity"? or would it not seem logical to make this wilful and deliberate crime a fit reason for dissolving the "holy estate"? Even that all-embracing "for better, for worse" does not lap over so far as this. Crime, which takes from man his active citizenship, should surely also include his marriage bond—should release an innocent woman from a felon husband, and free an honourable man from a felon wife.

Certain deceptions nullify a marriage—in contradistinction to divorce—and reduce it to a fraud. As a fraud it dissolves of itself. But what of the graver deceptions which have honeycombed the inner life? The man who has concealed his awful passion for drink till the wedding ceremony puts the poor girl for ever in his power and takes from him the need of self-control, so far as the winning her is concerned. The inheritor of madness, with that grim spectre which haunts his family, so closely kept under lock and key that even the intimates do not know of it, and the one who could reveal all tells nothing. The man or woman burdened with a load of secret guilt, of undeclared dishonour, that yet at any moment may be published to the misery of the confiding wife — to the disgrace of the unsuspecting husband. All these are deceptions of far worse import than the technical misrepresentations which nullify a marriage—even worse than that merely titular wife or husband in the background, whose existence destroys the legitimacy of the children and vitiates the legal quality of the tie, while leaving the essential righteousness and wholesomeness of the union undisturbed.

That doctrine of *caveat emptor* applied too rigidly is cruel and unjust. The uncertainties lying in temper, health, the ordinary accidents of life and the perhaps unavoidable mishaps of fortune are in themselves trials of sufficient magnitude—trials, however, that must be stood patiently and undergone bravely. But when we come to the intentionally-concealed flaws, known to one and so carefully guarded from the other, these should surely be allowed to break the marriage which has been founded on deception! In point of fact that marriage is a fraud, as much as the cooked receipts of a business, the defective title-deeds of a property, the hidden vice of a horse, or any of those other falsehoods which vitiate a purely business agreement. We can get off our bargain for a bit of Battersea enamel made yesterday—a picture by Turner painted in Wardour Street. The thing is not what it asserted itself to be, and the compact is made void by the fraud. But when a Belgravian mother marries her epileptic and scrofulous daughter to a man to whom it is of the first importance to have healthy heirs to his title and estate—when the dull and silent *fiancée* becomes the insane bride—the law provides no relief from that burden, and the fraud which ruins a life holds good. Is not this placing the stability of marriage on unequal grounds? For one fault divorce can be obtained without trouble; for these other causes, which are quite as vital, that

grim vow, "for better, for worse," holds good, and its hard working is not allowed to be softened.

With the increased freedom and independence of women, not only are the domestic virtues at a discount and domestic life despoiled of its charm and old-time sanctity, but the character of the sex altogether is changing. No longer sheltered from the more sordid temptations and those hardening processes with which men are necessarily familiar, they have adopted some of the vices from which they were once almost entirely free. I am speaking now of women of a good social status—women of education, and what should therefore be the logical consequence—moral refinement. Dishonest lawyers, fraudulent trustees, knavish bankers and the like, unhappily we know too well to feel more than what we may call an individualised shock of surprise that such a one and such another should have fallen. By his sex and training in the world's rough school any man may be theoretically held capable of any vice; but the exact converse has hitherto held good with women. It was a matter for generalised amazement when a woman failed in certain virtues, and went astray on certain unfamiliar paths of crime; and we have not yet reconciled ourselves to the new conditions which make women's vices identical with those of men. We are sorry when one we know, and perhaps love, fails in the distinctive virtue of womanhood, and appears in the Divorce Court; or, haply more fortunate, perhaps more astute than her neighbours, only qualifies herself, but does not appear. Still, this special failure does not go beyond the range of likelihood. On the contrary, it falls very much within it. But when an educated woman appears as a thief, a perjurer, a liar, a cold-blooded egotist who deceives those who trust her and ruins those who love her, all for the sake of gain—then we stand aghast as at something monstrous and unnatural. These sordid sins learned in the great battlefield of modern life seem to us infinitely misfitting as well as horrible; and by the dishonour involved should add another item to the legitimate causes of divorce. If a man's name goes for anything, it is degraded by a woman who has gone wrong on these matters quite as much as by one who has given herself to one lover and let another pay her milliner's bills. We have, then, to recognise the hitherto unfamiliar fact that women are not only humanly capable of committing, but are absolutely in the midst of temptations to commit, legal crimes and moral sins from which a more home-staying and less adventurous manner of life once preserved them.

And here we may say, almost by way of parenthesis, that the delicacy of mind with which some virtues are indissolubly connected, and in the absence of which some sins spring up as surely as weeds spring up in untilled ground, this delicacy of mind is going out of fashion—has already gone out of fashion. Slang, smoking, horse-racing, betting, the frantic desire for wealth, the restless desire for excitement, indifference to home duties, dislike of domestic life, all these things are destroying the ancient characteristics of women, and men have as much need now to inquire into the moral conduct of the girls they wish to marry—their moral conduct on other than the one broad line of chastity—as a girl's guardians have to inquire into that of the man she wishes to have as her husband.

In advocating the admission into the list of these three causes of divorce—namely, habitual drunkenness, madness, and felony—I by no means seek to loosen the strictness of the marriage tie or to weaken the sense of obligation which goes with every undertaking. I do not join with those impatient souls who would fling off the whole thing so soon as the smallest hitch occurs, and who do not believe in the ennobling quality of self-restraint or the soothing effect of patience. That grim old motto, "*caveat emptor*," has its value and "for better, for worse" is a grand kind of vow, to be maintained at all costs below those of superstitious regard for the letter of the law and the destruction of the spirit in consequence. In granting that the well-being of society has to be built up on the sacrifices of the individual, in this, as in all things, there is the *via media* which is the safest and the most wholesome. Extravagance of detail and pushing a principle to the extreme of folly ruin the value of an ideal and bring it down to the dust and ashes of an impracticable craze. But that calm, clear wisdom which is born of knowledge keeps the even course in which alone lies the salvation of man. The loose advocates of practical promiscuity who would dissolve the marriage on the smallest pretext, and to whom the family is a mere name, no more, are fanatics, on whom reason and argument are thrown away. In all civilised communities there must of necessity be certain individuals who suffer in their own persons for the good of the rest. The old superstitious sacrifice which cemented the foundations of the temple with blood holds good in its milder and modified form.

If private passion leads us one way, and the good of concrete society forces us on the other, that good must be attended to and our private passion must be sacrificed, if we ourselves would not be overthrown. No law can be made so elastic as to include all the possible exceptions.

Nature herself does not provide for all her "sports," and the bird that will not fly, the fish that craves to walk, fall victims to their private idiosyncrasies which break the law under which they are born, and place them at cross-corners with the rest of their race. So with those inborn rebels who will not submit to the laws by which others are bound.

The emancipated girl who, having always vaunted her love of liberty and intention never to be bound, advertises her marriage without date or place of solemnisation—who asks neither friend nor relation to witness the ceremony which transfers some of her liberties to another—she cannot wonder if the more astute of her acquaintance believe that her married name is only an empty sound, and if the more sober, therefore, draw off from a wife whose registry exists in the kingdom of the cocklicranes and nowhere else. The man who seduces young girls and tampers with every young wife he comes near, cannot complain if his own wife resents the perpetual insult, and if society punishes by ostracism the foulness of his life. No law can be made liberal enough to include these extravagances; and to plead the right of the individual to conditions best suited to his or her own self-development, or the tyranny of an exceptional temperament, is to plead a wrong issue on right premises. Society, like everything else, must have its members bound together by a uniform law, with such modifications as tend best to true morality and social harmony; and between matrimonial fetters so tight as to leave no power of release, and ties so loose that anyone may fling them off at pleasure, there is always that golden mean which it does not require a Solomon to hit.

The sanctity of marriage has to be upheld, and its stability maintained, if we would not lapse back into barbarism greater even than that of our primitive societies, when man was just beginning to grope after the idea of a common interest and the rude outlines of law. Marriage does not mean only the well-being, the comfort, the happiness of the two individuals—giving these, however, as part of the reason why—but it means far more: the well-being of the children and the stability of society through the stability of the family. We must always come to the norm, the paradigm, the archetypal figure, which underlies the whole after-development. And in marriage the happiness of those two individuals is as the efflorescence where the good of the family is the root.

Extremely loose notions as to the graver duty included in marriage produce practical promiscuity openly avowed. Only at the ninth divorce,

with the Romans did the law of allowance break down and the crime of adultery take its place. In those countries, where divorce is easy and self-control evaporates at the least trouble, like a pan of shallow water in the sunshine, there is no limit at all, save in that thing we call public opinion, which is but a shaky kind of thing at the best. Why not take advantage of the possibilities allowed? Why bear even the lightest fardel when you can get rid of it as easily as you can say, "Ho! jolly Jenkin"? The Christian virtues of patience, submission, self-restraint, obedience, humility, are admirable counters to mark with in that ethereal game called councils of perfection and ideal morality. When you come to the prose reality of things they go nowhere and have no circulation at all, and are regarded by all the new school as "debased currency." You might as well try to pay the butcher and baker with the ivory "fish" of a card-table, as induce the modern spouse, man or woman, to bear his or her burden in the spirit of the Master Who pronounced a blessing on meekness and humility—after the precepts of the Apostle who wrote that eulogy on charity and recommended its practice to all. Those precepts are only counters—the ivory fish of morals. Useful in their own place, the pulpit, they are valueless out of it; and for the purposes of real life are not worth so much as a brass farthing apiece. Hence these impatient and undisciplined souls clamour for divorce on terms more easy than those by which they can get rid of a lease or dispose of a business; and they preach by the hour on the right of the individual to personal happiness and that set of circumstances in which he feels himself most comfortable.

There are certain simulations of love which nothing but experience can test. One is the likeness yet dissimilarity which exists between passion, pure and simple, and that higher feeling we call Love in its best sense—the Anteros and the Eros. Only men who have done a good day's work in sowing their wild oats know the difference before that testing process; and even they, if of an imaginative temperament or poetic turn of thought, may deceive themselves. Women of the widest experience almost always do. The last is the real one. The rest may have all worn the aspect of truth, but they were mere shams and lies; this is the undoubted, this is at last the long-sought and much-desired Love, and his base-born brother, that Anteros who so often simulates him, has fled into space. Then they find again, as so often before, that this, too, is passion not love; and that, instead of friendship from that closer union, they come only to satiety and disgust. But who is to know this beforehand?

Nothing but experience shows the true texture of the feeling; and when the experiment has been made it is final. This is a cheat of the mind for which there is no compensation, and for which no one is to blame. It is not like those other more practical cheats we spoke of before. It is the unconscious simulation of nature—Anteros masquerading as his nobler brother—Desire putting on the features of Love. But this is one of the circumstances where *caveat emptor* obtains; for the delusion is in ourselves, and we must all suffer for our own self-made mistakes. Whose the fault when we stoop to pick up a shining length of ribbon and are bitten by a snake instead? The snake but follows the law of his being, and bites the hand that touches it. It was our perception which went astray, and for that mistake we must needs be responsible—accepting the consequences as among the misfortunes, not crimes, of life. But this is one of the most fruitful sources of unhappiness in marriage—this mistaking passion which soon wears itself out, for love which grows closer the longer it lasts—this stooping to pick up a shining length of ribbon which is, in point of fact, only a venomous snake.

Again, the chance in young marriages of the natures growing apart, not together, makes another and frequent cause of moral discord. But how to prevent it? If the fibre of the mind is strong, thought will follow on its own direction. Evolution takes place on ordained lines; and if the one is of a poetic, sensuously mystical, and abnormally reverent nature, there will be but one place of rest, and that will be the Roman Catholic Church; if the other is bold, analytical, severely logical and self-sufficing, there will be but one rational position, and that will be in Agnosticism. Could we have divorce made so easy as to include these divergencies? Yet they are very vital to the success or want of success in a marriage, and go for quite as much in the way of disunion as things which now obtain relief from a yoke that galls and a leash at which two are straining.

The relief we advocate—namely, for persistent drunkenness, madness, and felony—does not stretch out as far as caprice, as mental inharmoniousness, as satiety, or even as far as mutual boredom. It stretches out only as far as those causes which vitiate the essential meaning and true objects of marriage. It stretches out to the well-being of the family, and the consequent well-being of the State. It would check the propagation of incapacity and disease, and it would cut down a withered superstition and a mere fetish labelled stability, from which the informing life has departed. But it would not open the door to licence

nor yet to disregard of obligations; nor to indifference to duty—the need of self-control—the law of responsibility; nor weaken the caution contained in that *caveat emptor* by which our actions are ruled. It would only provide against the consequences of wilful deception, and the binding of the living to the dead. The more complex the social organism, the more need to add to the elementary laws of regulation. What did for the germ is not suited to the outgrowth; and the highly-cultivated, nervous, and many-sided creature of modern civilisation wants conditions—material, moral, spiritual, and social—different from those which are sufficient for the simpler sort—those rudimentary poets and æsthetes as yet barely differentiated from their hairy kinsfolk swinging from bough to bough in the primeval forest.

E. Lynn Linton.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF BRITISH ART.

THE PRESENT DIFFICULTY AND THE WAY OUT.

THE movement for establishing a National Gallery of British Art has, within the past two years, taken proper precedence of all other questions affecting the Art wants of the nation. It affects, in the first place, the artistic education, and, in the second place, but not less powerfully, the artistic prosperity and wealth of the country, and has become of national, nay, of Imperial importance. It had, moreover, touched the national conscience, and was on the point of consummation when an incident occurred which arrested the hand of the Government and brought about a deadlock from which for the moment there appears no escape. My present object is to show how simple and natural is in reality the solution of the difficulty which has been created; but for that purpose I must trace the history of the subject and place clearly before the reader the various stages in its development.

It was as long ago as 1836 that the urgent need of an essentially British Gallery was first proclaimed, and the note was struck by official and influential hands. Before that time the energies of artists and their "patrons" had been directed to the foundation of teaching academies and of exhibitions for the sale of works of recent artistic production. The National Gallery had only been established twelve years by the purchase, for £57,000, of Mr. Angerstein's collection of thirty-seven pictures, which were only removed from that gentleman's house in Pall Mall in 1838, two years after the date to which I am referring. The present building of the National Gallery was, in fact, not completed until 1838. To the architect, William Wilkins, R.A., we are indebted for having a gallery in Trafalgar Square at all; for, had it not been for his private and individual efforts, shops, already planned and arranged for, would speedily have been erected on the site.* Hampered by Govern-

* Minutes of Evidence before Select Committee on Arts and Principles of Design, 1836. (Wilkins II., Q. 1392.)

ment officials, harassed by parochial authorities and petitioning slum proprietors, with old materials from Carlton House forced upon him for his use, his design was altered and maltreated, shorn of its intended embellishments, and left as a slur upon his reputation. It was in order to inquire into all these things and "into the best means of extending a knowledge of the Arts and of the principles of design among the people (especially the manufacturing population) of the country, and also to inquire into the constitution, management, and effects of institutions connected with the Arts," that the Select Committee of the House of Commons of 1835 was appointed. This committee took evidence on some five-and-thirty occasions, the witnesses including all the principal experts, lay and professional, in England, as well as several world-renowned authorities from abroad. The inquiry was wide in its field and searching in its character, and the report was drawn up with great care and amplification. In the course of it, after stating that "it is to be lamented that the whole edifice [of the National Gallery] is not fireproof" —a point to which I propose to revert further on—it pronounces as follows :—

> "It appears to your Committee, that some portion of the Gallery should be dedicated to the perpetuation and extension of the British School of Art. Pictures by living British artists of acknowledged merit might, after they have stood the test of time and criticism, be purchased for the national collection ; especially such paintings as are more adapted, by their style and subject, to a gallery than a cabinet. A room might also be devoted to such engravings as have undergone a similar probation of public criticism. This encouragement appears due to the higher branches of engraving."

If this was desirable in 1836, when the National Gallery consisted of only six rooms, how much truer is it to-day, when the works of foreign artists occupy no fewer than fifteen rooms ; when many munificent donors are only waiting to present the gems of their collections to the nation ; but when, with the passing of time, opportunity, like Fata Morgana, is being lost for the seizing? And if the purchase of the works of living men was permissible then, why should it not be so now, when the increasing love of acquisition is indulged in by private persons, making prices higher and the opportunities of securing works of art ever rarer and more difficult for public institutions? And why, when the right of entry is officially recommended for living masters, should it be begrudged to the eminent dead? Want of space rather than want of fitness is the true reply of the National Gallery to these

questions—a defect which is not without a remedy; and as the burden of this article is that in the National Gallery, and the National Gallery alone, lies the solution of the present difficulty, that the logical accomplishment of a National Gallery of British Art is impossible outside Trafalgar Square, I propose to return to this point after examining all the schemes which have been put forward in their historical sequence.

The recommendation of the Committee made, the recommendation, after the usual fate of such things, was duly ignored, and it is not surprising, therefore, to find that the whole matter was allowed to drop for many years so far as any public action was concerned.

Notwithstanding isolated efforts, combined action was not attempted until 1885, when, at a meeting of the Society for the Encouragement of Fine Arts, Mr. J. Orrock read a paper directed towards securing something like a proper representation of the art of England in our national galleries. The society, through the chairman, Mr. James Edmeston, thereupon bestirred itself to frame and procure signatures to a petition, approved by the trustees of the National Gallery, for presentation to Parliament.

This petition, which rightly looked to the National Gallery as the only fit agent in the matter, and revived the question of a Government grant in favour of English Art,* was very numerously signed, not only by the art societies of London, but of Sheffield, Liverpool, Nottingham, and other centres as well. Nevertheless, Mr. Edmeston informs me, "no opportunity affording the slightest chance of obtaining the prayer of the petition has ever presented itself; many members of Parliament were consulted on the subject," when it was shown that any further action would be trouble thrown away. And so the scheme again subsided, outwardly at least, and was again collecting force for attracting public notice, when an incident occurred which precipitated matters and brought them to a head.

This incident, which will be within the recollection of the reader, was the noble offer by Mr. Henry Tate of his collection, to the estimated value of £70,000, to the National Gallery. This collection, including the works of modern, and for the most part of living, English painters, was, with the exception of a few canvases, of the first import-

* Report of the Select Committee, 1836. "It has already been submitted by the Committee that an occasional outlay of public money on British works of art of acknowledged excellence, and in the highest style and purest taste, would be a national advantage."

ance—for Mr. Tate is a connoisseur of considerable taste, with a ready ear for good advice; and, inspired with patriotic feelings, he desired to leave it to the enjoyment of his countrymen. But the trustees having weighed the offer, and more particularly the harassing conditions with which the proposed munificence was hedged around, felt compelled to decline it, chiefly on the score of "want of space"—that amiable plea which covers such a multitude of Academic sins of judgment and misjudgment.

Before and during the progress of these negotiations, as I have said, the original movement was again ripe for fresh agitation. It had been somewhat obscured by a parallel movement in favour of water-colour art, but seeing the possibility of the realisation of the greater and more comprehensive plan, all interested in the matter joined hands; when Mr. Tate again supervened. In a letter addressed to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and published on June 23rd, 1890, he offered "not fewer than fifty-seven" of his pictures to the nation, on the primary condition that a gallery should be prepared for their reception by June 30th, 1892.

Four days later the Chancellor of the Exchequer, speaking from his place in the House of Commons, stated that a reply had been sent to Mr. Tate, in which the unsoundness of his condition that his collection should be kept intact was pointed out to him. "Such a proviso is at variance with the general system of arrangement adopted by the National Gallery," he said, "and might have tended to break it up into small and isolated collections." It is clear that if donors had always insisted on their gifts being kept separate any general classification on a broad and instructive basis would have been impossible, however gratifying the arrangement might have been to their personal vanity. At the same time Mr. Goschen offered "the Eastern and Western Galleries at South Kensington, which are fire-proof and well-lighted. I have been in communication with the Commissioners of 1851, and with the trustees of the National Gallery, Sir Frederick Leighton, and others, and the plans are considerably advanced in that direction." On the same day Mr. Jackson wrote to Mr. Tate in a similar strain from the Treasury, reminding him that any administration of the new gallery would have to be under conditions of partial Government control, as is the case in other similar institutions, while no pledge as to annual grants could be given, inasmuch as these were subject to annual Parliamentary vote.

This offer of the galleries at South Kensington vacated by the

Indian collections—which I propose to call Scheme No. 2, Scheme No. 1 being that of the National Gallery—put an end to the suggestion broached in the *Times* a few days before, that a fund should be raised by public subscription for the erection of a gallery to receive art-gifts and bequests such as that of Mr. Tate's. The South Kensington idea was already becoming regarded as a *fait accompli*, when a scheme—Scheme No. 3—first broached in 1889 in connection with the National Portrait Gallery, was renewed by Sir J. C. Robinson, Surveyor of the Queen's pictures, and immediately gained a number of adherents.

The new suggestion was startling and enchanting. Sir Charles proposed that the gallery should be erected in Kensington Gardens, in close proximity to Kensington Palace. It was in fact to be on the vacant space of ground immediately to the north of the Palace, with which it would, when viewed from the gardens, present one unbroken front. The character of the ground-plan may be seen in Fig. 1, which Mr. Burke Downing, of the Royal Institute of British Architects, has worked out, without, however, pretending to anything like precision.

The advantages were at once numerous and convincing; and sufficiently obvious, too. Better light and air than were possible elsewhere; beautiful and harmonious surroundings of grass, and trees, and flowers; a cheap style of architecture and fair accessibility. Then there were the advantages of association; and a London Hampton Court might thus easily and cheaply be obtained. Of course, the ground as well as the permission of the Crown would have had to be obtained; but I believe I am not far wrong in surmising that any sum that might have been obtained for ground-rent or purchase would have been expended on the restoration of the Palace. The birthplace of the Queen cannot be a matter of entire indifference to the people, even though the economy of the Radical party has been so persistently aimed

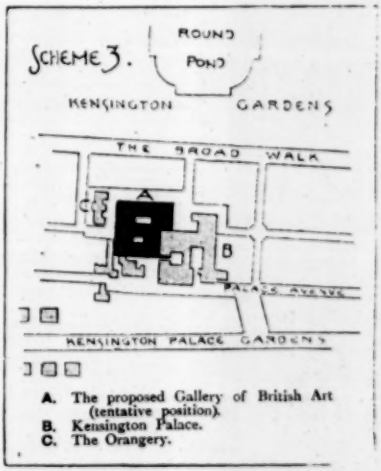


FIG. 1. THE KENSINGTON PALACE SCHEME.

at Kensington Palace that the building is falling into rapid decay. The suggestion enticed several supporters, for the idea of a beautiful gallery in the park, communicating with the old Palace itself, the state-rooms of which (while not interfering with residents) might afford wall space for the pictures of their time, and with contemporary furniture might recall the faded splendours of early Georgian days—the idea, I say, offered an allurement too strong to be resisted by some. Sir James Linton declared it "an ideal site"; Mr. Harry Quilter offered £2,000 in support of it; and Mr. William Agnew, at whom Mr. Tate had especially aimed a shaft in his "conditions," munificently came forward with "not less than £10,000." Regarding the proposed adaptation of the Scheme No. 2 (*i.e.*, the South Kensington Galleries) "as a paltry and unworthy issue of a large matter," he would make the Kensington Palace Gallery a "British Section of the National Gallery," and draw together from all sources the nation's riches in national art and exhibit them together—not, that is to say, in the British Luxembourg, but in the British Louvre. It would, of course, be necessary—although Mr. Agnew made no mention of this—to procure a short Act of Parliament with which to override the certain indisposition and formal refusal of the trustees of the National Gallery and the other Museums to part with their property.

Another rapid turn was now so given to the art-wheel as to dispose of Scheme No. 3 outright. On August 14th, Lord Cranbrook, replying to Lord Harrowby in the House of Lords, stated that the Government had come to a decision. On the 24th of the previous month, he said,—two days after Mr. Agnew's letter—he had called a meeting at the Privy Council Office, when, Mr. Goschen, Sir Henry Layard, Sir Frederick Leighton, Sir John Gilbert, Sir James Linton, and Sir Frederick Burton being present, it was understood and arranged by that galaxy of *expertise* that the new gallery should have an independent Board of its own. On the 26th, several of those who attended the meetings visited the galleries and reported them to be large and adequate for the purpose. Captain Shaw testified to their safety from fire. Lord Carlisle was delighted with the light. Sir Frederick Leighton declared that they lent themselves to such proper adornment that they might not be out of harmony with the Imperial Institute, round three sides of which they extend. Moreover, an entrance from the institute to the gallery was thought likely to be provocative of much worldly good to Art and the artists. Lord Cranbrook promised the erection of the

connecting gallery between the two existing buildings, so as to make a sort of irregular H; the total wall-length would thus be brought to nearly two-thirds of a mile. To this about

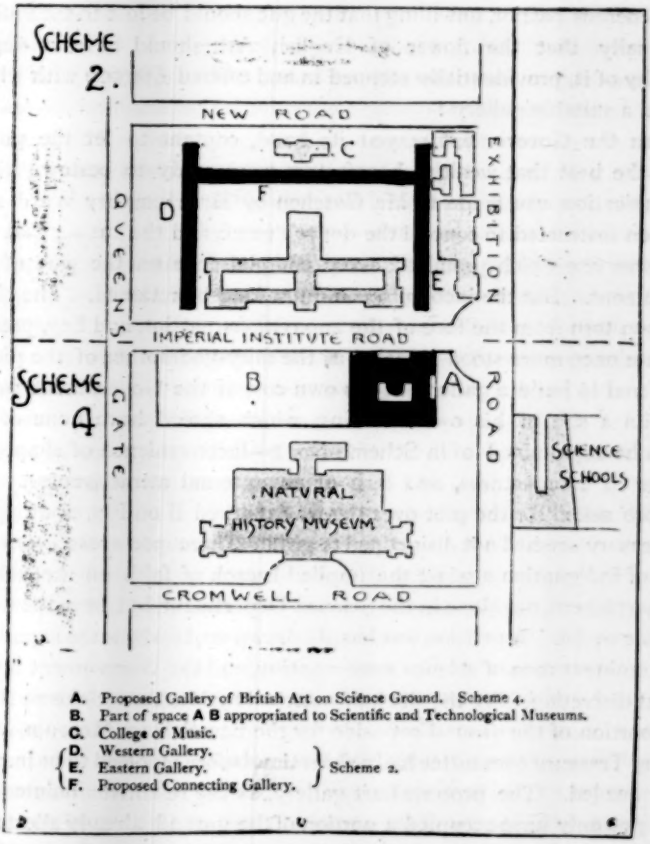


FIG. 2. THE SOUTH KENSINGTON SCHEMES.

another sixth of the total might perhaps be added for the cross-walls or partitions which would probably be erected. There would be ample room, it was said, for oil and water-colour paintings, and for sculpture. Engravings and "black-and-white" formed part of Mr. Tate's original scheme. The "South Kensington Gang," as the undeservedly unpopular Science and Art Department are often described, were to have nothing

to do with the new gallery—and everybody seemed satisfied. The whole matter was settled and considered closed ; when, just as the workmen were about to begin operations, another cracker was let off in the midst of the gallery-makers. Mr. Tate declined the offer of the Government ; but a generous patriot, unwilling that the gift should be lost to the nation, and equally that the flower of English Art should have a shrine unworthy of it, providentially stepped in and offered £80,000 with which to build a suitable gallery !

Then the Government stayed its hand, content to let the public secure the best that wealthy benefactors were ready to bestow. The communication was made to Mr. Goschen by Mr. Humphry Ward, who had been instructed to conceal the donor's name, and the answer that was made was one which promised every complaisance on the part of the Government. But the incognito could not long be retained. The cloak was soon torn from the face of the anonymous patriot, and hey, presto ! Mr. Tate once more stood revealed as the fairy-godmother of the piece ! He offered to build a gallery at his own cost if the Government would give him a site of his own choosing, which should have none of the defects he complained of in Scheme No. 2—inconvenience of shape, the absence of compactness, and lack of all external attractiveness. He therefore asked for the plot over the way marked B on Fig. 2, a request the Treasury seemed not disinclined to grant. Thereupon arose a veritable storm of indignation against the implied breach of faith on the part of the Government, not alone in the Science Department, but from the whole scientific world. A petition was hastily drawn up, to which the signatures of few eminent men of science were wanting, and the Government had to yield at discretion. For the site half snatched by Mr. Tate (Scheme No. 4) was a portion of the ground set aside for the new Science Museum, which a strong Treasury committee had a short time before reported to be imperatively needed. The proposed art gallery, as the scientists pointed out, would not only have occupied a portion of the ground already allotted to the Science Museum, but would, moreover, interpose a foreign body between the Museum and the Science Schools, which heretofore have always been in close relation. (See Fig. 2.)

The British Gallery, warned off this Tom Tiddler's ground, was thus adrift again. It then occurred to Mr. Ward that a fine site and an admirable opportunity for architectural display might be obtained on the Thames Embankment, and the choice fell upon the vacant plot situated between the Temple Avenue and Sion College.

But the City, having been approached, was not to be tempted by an offer of two seats upon the Board. It desired an Art Gallery no more than it wanted the Salvation Army, who had bid for the same plot, and it happily declined to make a present of the ground, even though Mr. Tate was willing to make an equal sacrifice.

Here, then, the matter stands at present, and here we have a threatening deadlock. A few months ago we were within an ace of having our long-wished-for, long-worked-for Gallery of British Art—nay, we had it. The Government had given it, and it was accepted by the majority, when Mr. Tate interposed with his princely munificence and, by a strange misfortune, destroyed the whole fabric by the simple offer of his cheque. A paradox, indeed! The certainty of the Government gift, in every way admirable, was exchanged for one that has ended, as it began, in smoke, and the nation has been deprived of a fixed and desirable suite of galleries ready built for our British Art. Nay, more—and I say it in no spirit of ingratitude—had Mr. Tate never appeared on the scene at all (certainly so far as the £80,000 are concerned) we should now have been making progress in the completion of the South Kensington Galleries, where he might, had he been fixed in his first intention, have presented his pictures to his grateful fellow countrymen; and might, moreover, have saved the large sum he afterwards offered for some other patriotic object.

As a result of recent events the ground, through a process of natural elimination, has become much clearer. Schemes Nos. 4 and 5 are dead. Scheme No. 2 Mr. Tate rejects. The choice lies, therefore, between Kensington Palace and the National Gallery. With the advantages of the former I have already dealt with candour; but to its drawbacks I did not refer. These, taken briefly, are (1) the present absence of any nucleus for a national collection save Mr. Tate's gift, which at the existing moment is not a "firm offer"; (2) the certain strenuous resistance of the National Gallery and the British, Soane, and South Kensington Museums to the removal of many of their most highly-prized treasures from their custody and possession, even if it were advisable; (3) the possible objection of the Crown to the whole proposal; (4) the disfigurement of the present symmetry of the Palace as seen from Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens; and (5) the creation of a new and not entirely accessible Art centre—for the approach either by the front or by the back is through private property governed by stringent rules as to traffic.

I said at the beginning that the National Gallery scheme affords the

only possible and logical execution of the British Art project. Having dealt with strict impartiality with the other suggestions which have been brought before the public, I will now put the case for the National Gallery, and show why there is nothing discordant between the beneficent object of Mr. Tate, the formation of a true *National* Gallery on the most liberal lines, and the wise, and I hope immutable, rules under which the National Gallery in its present form is conducted.

In coming back to the Trafalgar Square proposition, we return to Wilkins' original plan, to the plan of the Select Committee endorsed by the House of Commons, by Mr. Frederick Wedmore in a recent contribution to the literature of the subject, and by everyone else up to the time the South Kensington makeshift idea was broached : comprehensive, satisfying every demand as to space and safety, light, situation, and, above all, of artistic fitness. The suggestion is to fill up the *missing links* in the grand chain of English Art now to be found upon that spot and already in possession of the institution, and from time to time to add *representative* examples of our masters' works in oil-painting, sculpture, water-colour, and black-and-white. What in the name of common-sense can be urged against this proposal to bring together the masterpieces of art, native as well as foreign, under one roof? Why should a broken line be indecisively drawn, as at present, at the work of English artists—at the product of English genius? Why, upon its merits, should the glory of English Art be adjudged inadmissible?

A superb collection of British Art already exists. It forms a nucleus of the utmost importance, and without it the establishment elsewhere of a representative collection of the British Masters will be attempted in vain. I hold that this scheme is at once the most dignified, the simplest, and the cheapest. There are several conditions which make it so. The administration of the National Gallery has the respect of the world, which any new governing body would have first to earn. To enlarge its powers will be to endow it with a logical expansion, while the friction which would probably attend the formation of a new gallery would be avoided. Its prestige, moreover, is unsurpassed by any other institution whatsoever—a powerful consideration influencing the contributions of works of art which would certainly flow in from a hundred willing donors who will accept with delight the privilege of depositing the cream of their collections in the national Valhalla of the arts. In writing thus I do not speak at random : I am not prophesying without knowing. And that is why I refer to this scheme as the cheapest ; for the collection can

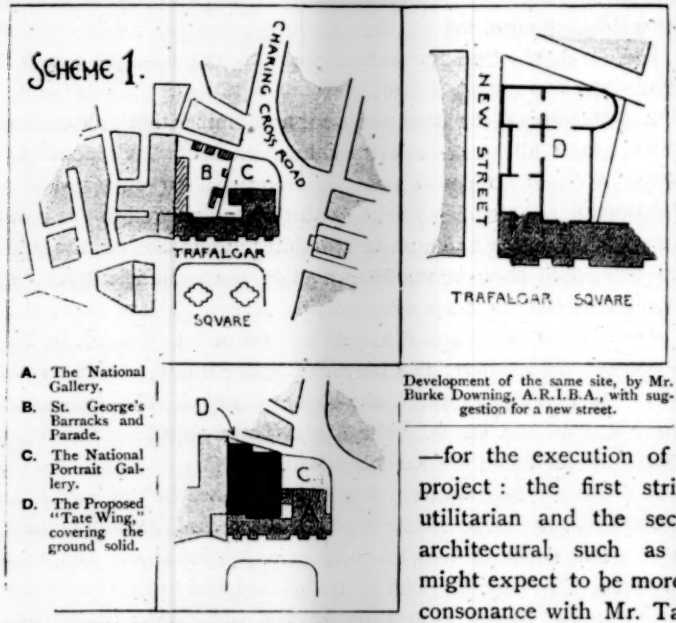
most assuredly be made without application to Parliament for a single farthing for its formation. The necessity of beginning an entirely new collection would be avoided, for people only ask for space to enable them to complete, though not to form it. And, finally, it is meet that the national art should find its resting place in the halls of the National Gallery.

Now, it is manifest that the present accommodation at the disposal of the National Gallery is hopelessly inadequate for the reception of any fresh works under a new scheme. Even weeding out (and that with no niggard hand) the overflow of good pictures, as well as the indifferent ones, and presenting them to, or circulating them among, the provincial galleries, would unquestionably not yield space sufficient for any such heroic endowment as I am advocating. A new gallery must, therefore, be erected, and that in the immediate rear of the present building, on the ground occupied by the barracks, guard-house, and parade to the north. So many advantages are to be gained by this measure that I believe that no one, not even the War Office, would offer any opposition, or raise so much as a word of objection.

It must not be forgotten that the existence of the barracks, *which are in actual contact with the north wall of the National Gallery* abutting on the Turner Room, constitutes a continual and serious danger from fire. This alarming fact is undoubted and has formed the subject of "questions" in the House on several occasions; notwithstanding which, Mr. Plunket on its last revival declined to interfere, yet so far admitted the existence of the danger as to offer to put up a water-pipe, that the watchman might be ready to squirt a little water upon any fire which might break out!—thus adding to the chances of destruction by fire the hardly less serious risk of destruction by water. Surely, on the score of economy alone, if on no higher ground, the barracks should be removed; for the veriest Philistine would condemn the exposure to fire of the priceless treasures towards which he has subscribed in hard cash through his tax-collector. From the very day when the architect designed the gallery he contemplated taking in these threatening barracks as part of his building; and even suggested the acquisition of that portion of ground now occupied by the very inflammable workshops of Hampton's, the cabinetmakers and bedding-warehousemen.

Now, the suggestion is that a new wing should be added to the Gallery, which, if Mr. Tate will forego his ill-advised conditions, while maintaining his generous offer, might be called the Tate Wing after

the manner of the White Wing at the British Museum. Mr. Burke Downing has here sketched two plans—either of which might be followed



Development of the same site, by Mr. Burke Downing, A.R.I.B.A., with suggestion for a new street.

FIG. 4. THE NATIONAL GALLERY SCHEME.

—for the execution of the project: the first strictly utilitarian and the second architectural, such as we might expect to be more in consonance with Mr. Tate's artistic wishes.

For the purposes of an economically-built gallery, the first plan is all that is necessary, comprising, as it does, a structure taking in the whole of the ground now occupied by the military authorities, and all but abutting on the National Portrait Gallery, now in course of erection.

In the second plan, Mr. Burke Downing has had a care no less for artistic elevation than for protection from fire. By acquiring the ground in dangerous contiguity immediately to the west and north-west of the present Gallery, he proposes to run a new street from south to north. While it is hardly likely to be opposed by those more largely interested (as new highway-access would be afforded to the warehouses at the back) the new street would obviously offer alike further immunity from fire, and a chance for the architect to continue the general idea of the *façade* round the side and at the back. That this might be done well within the cost which Mr. Tate offered to expend elsewhere is without doubt. It seems not unreasonable to suppose, seeing that the Government is

acting in this matter in a spirit of some generosity, that should Mr. Tate accept this suggestion—the hope of many who have the whole matter warmly at heart—My Lords would not withhold their support and the means for its realisation.

This, in its chief lines, is the scheme which was passed over in favour of building a new gallery in Kensington or elsewhere, without the necessity being weighed at the time of finding a representative collection of British Art to fill it. It was sought to begin *de novo*, when finishing touches were, in reality, all that is required. Whence could such a collection of Hogarth, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Wilson, Constable, and the rest be drawn as exists at the present moment in Trafalgar Square? And how could these be withdrawn from the existing Gallery without robbing it of half its interest?

If the Government and Mr. Tate will consent to turn their gaze from Kensington to St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, the matter might be settled without further bargaining or haggling, and without further delay. Had Mr. Tate offered his bribe to the Government, as Mr. Alexander Henderson did with the National Portrait Gallery, for a site in Trafalgar Square, the British Gallery would have been at this date nearing completion; and he would have conferred a splendid boon upon the public, while covering himself with honour. Surely it is not yet too late.

I am aware that it may be objected, as an afterthought, that the National Gallery idea deals rather with an English Louvre than with an English Luxembourg. Not necessarily; for the greatly-enlarged National Gallery may be at once the Louvre and the Luxembourg. But even were it not so, is it not our first duty, in the interests alike of sentiment and of pocket, to complete the series of deceased masters' works—which are yearly becoming more difficult of acquisition, rarer and dearer—before we begin trading in the uncertainty of contemporary reputations? In general support of the suggestion, another point might be urged. Complaints are freely and frequently made that the people's money is too often spent on the excessive acquisition of archaic examples, while native work is left without encouragement, and with but sparse representation. With numerous additional rooms under the roof of the National Gallery, this reproach need be made no longer; for, while the annual grants might still be devoted to those ends to which Sir Frederick Burton wisely allots them, the English section could with safety be left entirely to private initiative.

Let me repeat that if Government, or Mr. Tate—or whoever it may eventually be—will but find the casket, the people will find the jewels. But are the National Gallery cellars a casket? For that sombre Inferno is what intending donors of one class of art have hitherto found staring and grinning them in the face. Had Mr. John Henderson known where his Dewints would be hidden away, would he, do you think, have bequeathed them to the National Gallery? And, on the other hand, had there been a gallery not a disgrace to the nation, fit for their reception, would the gems of Sir Prescott Hewett's collection and of the Ellison gift have gone to the wilderness of South Kensington? To such a question there can be but one answer. Now, the artistic motives and conscience that animate the possessor of the works of the great English painters are not quite those that inspire the owner of Old Masters. In the former case the sentiment of patriotism enters not a little into his calculations, and may safely be reckoned with. It is certain, and beyond contradiction, that there are many to whom it would be a delight to see the gems of their collection displayed in the National Gallery, where they may take a pride in their donation thus highly honoured, and—might I add?—bask in their reflected glory. But what encouragement is offered now to a collector to enrich the national store during his lifetime? And, in the present condition of things, what guarantee is there that his bequest will be worthily dealt with when it has crossed the eternal gulf bridged over by the Probate Office?

Such are some of the points in favour of the choice of the National Gallery as the natural home of British Art. I have, I venture to think, set forth the unique advantages it enjoys, which render it overwhelmingly acceptable *vis-à-vis* the Kensington Palace scheme. This is not a question which should be left with one man, however generous, to determine. It must be decided by the wants of the people, by the demands of intending donors, and by the claims of the Art itself. No fad, no half-measure, no makeshift, must be permitted to weigh with those who have the ordering of our affairs; the dignity of our artistic needs must alone be consulted—the advancement of our national institution and the glory of British Art.

M. H. SPIELMANN.

LITERATURE AND THE DRAMA.

LITERATURE.

WHEN a person has to write a chronicle about literature, he would naturally prefer to choose his topics among books not fresh from the printers. In Mr. Birrell's essay on "Authors and Critics," in the NEW REVIEW for January, he speaks of an ideal magazine which shall criticise old books as well as freshly published books. The furious critic is to breathe himself on the failures of the past, who have not a legion of paragraphists in the slums of journalism to avenge their wrongs. When he is in the mood for praise, he may praise great men dead, and our fathers who were before us. There is no real safety in these retrospective reviews; one cannot even remark that Byron wrote many reams of bad verse without being verbally assaulted. This is, in one way, rather a comfort. It is pleasing to find that there is still so much respect for tradition. But the public, on the whole, will not be tempted to read old books. Constable found, and often said, that reprints of excellent forgotten works spelled ruin. People sometimes censure the Roxburghe, the Bannatyne, and other clubs, for printing very few copies of old works, but even these few copies are not read. A friendly antiquary, who buys the club books when he can find them, informs me that the pages are invariably unopened, virgin of the paper-knife. Woodrow's *Analecta* lies before me: a set of volumes charged with wonderful Providences, delightful anecdotes, strange tales of "the ages of darkness and blood, when the minister's home was a den in the wood."

These were published in 1843; not a page has been cut. *The Remarkable Passages in the Life and Death of Mr. Patrick Peden* are in the same case. Meanwhile I scarcely see any new books that one wishes very much to review. It is impossible to review Mr. Stevenson's *Wreckers* before it is finished in *Scribner's Magazine*, but it seems much the most enticing romance at present before the world. Why was the

wreck so valuable, when there was nothing in her but a little smuggled opium? What had become of the original crew of the wreck? when and where and how did the new crew pick her up? why did they leave her so hurriedly, abandoning even the money? The nights must have been "endless" indeed, as Homer says, when Lothian Dodd told this marvellous legend after supper. The character of the captain is one of the most wonderful things that Mr. Stevenson has done, and the description of the voyage to the islands is among his finest pictures.

One naturally rushed on "Q.'s" new story, *The Blue Pavilions* (Cassell and Co.), hoping that it was a sequel to "Q.'s" *Splendid Spur*. But it is not; it is a tale of a later date, opening in 1673, and I regret to say that much of my copy, like Wodrow's *Analecta*, is still uncut.

There are different tastes in humour, and somehow I like "Q." best when he is not particularly humorous, as in his two old sea captains, who drank so stoutly, fought so readily, loved so constantly, and lived in the Blue Pavilions. Did a sea captain, about 1680, talk of training up a girl to "knock a boy into a cocked hat in every department of useful knowledge"? This, like the story of *Peau d'Ane*, is *difficile à croire*.

There is a scene in the galleys (pp. 232, 233), and, though comparisons are odious, one remembers Mr. Kipling's extraordinary vision of life at the oar, in *The Finest Story in the World*, which has only been published in a magazine. "Q." describes the situation very well, and truthfully, no doubt, as a man may do who has thought it out, and has the details present to his intellect. But Mr. Kipling seems to have them before his very eyes, as he who himself has pulled at the oar. "Q." says, "Of the world outside their den, they could see nothing but a small patch of blue sea beyond the hole in which their oar worked." Get the *Contemporary Review*, if possible, and compare the effect, in Mr. Kipling's tale, of the light shifting as it comes through the oar-hole. Compare (p. 291) the broken oars, "hurling the slaves backwards on their benches," with the very same effect in Mr. Kipling's *Finest Story*. Or compare the sensations of "Q.'s" hero, as he waits for the gun to fire on him, with those of Count Tolstoi's hero, as he waits for the shell to explode, in *Sébastopol*. Anyone who chooses, and has the leisure, may tudy those parallel passages for himself. For my own part, "Q." does not seem to have here the same keen vision and sympathy as the Russian and the Anglo-Indian novelists. But then, I read his tale last of the three, and I did not read the others for the purpose of reviewing

them, which makes a great difference: all the difference in the world. In fact, I am a little disappointed, because my expectations were very high. "Q." is unfortunate in having a truly excellent historical novel behind him. "Men scarcely know how beautiful fire is," and possibly novel readers scarcely know how good the *Splendid Spur* is. *The Blue Pavilions*, on the other hand, tempts one to go back to Marryat for the true thing.

But the true thing, as we seniors think it, is out of fashion. I have looked through a tiny volume, very prettily printed, *Letters to Eminent Hands*, by "I." (Frank Murray, Derby.) These are critical epistles, addressed to very modern "hands," by an author who seems to know my own performances, for example, a good deal better than their author does. Nobody, surely, can be so learned as this gentleman in the light, or would-be light, literature of the last ten years. He should be professor of *Belles Lettres* in an "up-to-date," fire-new American College. He is a kindly censor, and perhaps keeps back a good deal of his mind, where that is not favourable. But the curious thing is that he seems to have little taste for any books older than our day: he speaks, as one amazed, about "old people" who can still read Scott. He does not envy them, he rather admires, and turns with gusto to his dozen of "hands," with some two exceptions, creatures of a day—*autant en emporte le vent.*

Alas! nothing can bring back the dead. If a boy reads this page (which is to the last degree improbable) let him study "Q.'s" book, for example: he will read it with pleasure. And then let him try the *Memoirs of the Chevalier de Johnstone;* he can get it for some three or four shillings. (Longmans. Third Edition, 1822.) I wager he will find the Chevalier's wanderings through Scotland, with a price on his head, his sore-footed limpings, his farmer who would not lend him a horse on Sunday, his hunting for cairngorms when his life was at a venture, his crossing the Firth of Forth in a boat, with a drunken mariner for ballast, his hiding under the haycock on a warm July day, as good reading as if the book had come yesterday from the press. But it is vain. Nobody will read the *Chevalier.*

We sadly feel the truth of this, as we study Mr. Gosse's *Gossip in a Library* (Heinemann), his own library. Mr. Gosse, like Théophile Gautier, has a tender heart for *Les Grotesques, Les Oubliés, et les Dedaignés.* But he has not had Théophile's luck in lighting on an eccentric like Scalion de Virbluneau, or on a Villon, a forgotten Villon.

Here was one instance of the dead reviving, and Maître François, only once reprinted (1723), between his own times and those of the Bibliophile Jacob, has had his day again, and has had many editions, historians, commentators, translators. None of the people now gone where our eminent hands are going, none of Mr. Gosse's people, are equal to Villon, though Kit Smart appears to deserve a new edition, a little, pretty one, of his *David*. Smart was a true poet: perhaps, if Villon had lived in Smart's years, he too would have written successful Seatonian prize poems, on sacred subjects. Perhaps he is the only poet of ours worth reading, whose works are not readily accessible. Poor old Cavalier Patrick Carey, to take an example not selected by Mr. Gosse, is not worth an attempt to "boom," as the saying is; in fact the Boomster prefers living dogs to dead lions. Here is a specimen of Carey, a verse from a Leporello catalogue of old loves:—

Anne was once the word which mooued
Most my heart, i'le itt auuow,
Twelve att least so called I've louued,
But I care not for them now;
Yet if euuer
I endeauour
For a mistress, that's her name:
These are fancyes,
But with Nancyes
Luckiest still hath beene my flame.

(*Trivial Poems and Triolets*, written in obedience to Mrs. Tomkin's Commands. By Patrick Carey. 20th August, 1651.) Cowley may have known this piece; he wrote one not dissimilar. I wish that, when Mr. Gosse was writing "What Ann Lang Read"—that is, the novels of Eliza Haywood—he had given his views of her masterpiece, *Jenny and Jessamy*. "I have not been more affected," said that excellent critic, Miss Martha Buskbody (after studying *Old Mortality*), "by any novel, except the tale of Jenny and Jessamy, which is, indeed, pathos itself." Thus, *Jenny and Jessamy* must have outlived Eliza's well-contented day, surviving into the nineteenth century. But who now reads *Jenny and Jessamy*, and who, fifty years hence, will even remember the novels that now send Grub-street into a fit?

Modern eminent hands may find no Mr. Gosse to disinter their forgotten ditties, their day-old flowers of pathos, long unrefreshed by a tear.

At this very moment comes in a new book, and a very pretty book, *Play House Impressions*, by Mr. A. B. Walkley. (Fisher Unwin.) Is it fair to say a word about Mr. Walkley's "impressions" in this place, where, last month, he was writing himself? Well, be it fair or be it dastardly log-rolling, it must be said that one is delighted to meet a critic of plays who knows Greek, and is not ashamed of it—*avec du Grèc on ne peut gâter rien;* who likes M. Jules Lemaitre, and has a tenderness for M. Anatole France. It is now many years since I began imploring people who "hate chump-chops and the poetry of Mr. ——" (like Mr. Birrell's friend) to read M. France's *Sylvestre Bonnard*, though "there are no Umslopogaases there." Umslopogaas, *alias* the Slaughterer, *alias* the Woodpecker, is one of my dearest friends in fiction: "I will never desert Mr." Umslopogaas—but then, like the Average Man in Mr. Will Foster's new poems (Blackwood)—

> "My feelings are half Hottentot,
> And half reflect the town."

Moreover, I know how he (Umslopogaas, not Mr. Foster) got the square scar on his temple, and that stroke I remember better than any adventure of M. Sylvestre Bonnard's. So much the more reason for reading Sylvestre again. Moreover, Mr. Walkley hates "the split infinitive." "Sing hey," then, to a certain extent, for Mr. Walkley, as he says himself about "autobiography in criticism." Perhaps it is not superfluous to add that a critic, as well as a Rosalind, may be "bouncing," and might be less bouncing without any real loss of energy.

It is a little late to be recommending a child's book, but *Tales from the Mabinogion* (Fisher Unwin) is so excellent that a word must be said for it. Like the other books in the series, it is beautifully printed, and, unlike some of them, is full of the very best romantic reading, full of the famous "magic" which was once the birthright of the Celt.

Mr. Hardy's new novel, *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* (Osgood and McIlvaine), demands more space than, in a crowd of hustling books, it is likely to receive. Indeed, the story is an excellent text for a sermon or subtly Spectatorial article on old times and new, on modern misery, on the presence among us of the spirit of Augustus Moddle. That we should be depressed is very natural, all things considered; and, indeed, I suppose we shall be no better till we have got the Revolution over, sunk to the nadir of humanity, and reached the middle barbarism again. Then, *sursum corda!* Mr. Hardy's story,

though probably he does not know it, is a rural tragedy of the last century—reversed. In a little book on *The Quantocks*, by Mr. W. L. Nichols (Sampson Low), may be read the history of "Poor Jack Walford." Wordsworth wrote a poem on it in the Spenserian measure, but he felt that his work was a failure, and it remains unpublished. Reverse the *rôles* of the man and woman in this old and true tale, add a good deal of fantastic though not impossible matters about the D'Urbervilles, and you have the elements of *Tess*. The conclusion of *Tess* is rather improbable in this age of halfpenny newspapers and appeals to the British public. The black flag would never have been hoisted, as in the final page. But one is afraid of revealing the story to people who have not yet read it. The persistent melancholy they perhaps like, or perhaps can make up their minds to endure. The rustic heroine, in the very opening of the book, explains to her little brothers that our planet is "a blighted star." Her mother possesses "the mind of a happy child," yet coolly sends her into conspicuous danger, remarking, "If he don't marry her afore, he will after." Poor Tess is set between the lusts of one Alec D'Urberville and the love, such as it was, of one Angel Claire. "Now Alec was a Bounder," to quote Mr. Besant; and Angel was a prig, whereas Tess was a human being, of human passions. Here are all the ingredients of the blackest misery, and the misery darkens till "The President of the Immortals has finished his sport with Tess." I cannot say how much this phrase jars on one. If there be a God, who can seriously think of Him as a malicious fiend? And if there be none, the expression is meaningless. I have lately been reading the works of an old novelist, who was very active between 1814 and 1831. He is not a terse, nor an accurate, nor a philosophic, nor even a very grammatical writer, but how different, and, to my poor thinking, how much wiser, kinder, happier, and more human is his mood. It is pity, one knows, that causes this bitterness in Mr. Hardy's mood. But Homer is not less pitiful of mortal fortunes and man "the most forlorn of all creatures that walk on earth," and Homer's faith cannot be called consolation: yet there is no bitterness in him; and probably bitterness is never a mark of the greatest art and the noblest thought.

There are moral passages of great beauty in *Tess:* for example, in that scene where the bemused villagers stagger home through the moonlight, which casts halos round the shadows of their heads no

less than if they had been happy shepherds on the sides of Latmos. There are exquisite studies of the few remaining idyllic passages in rural life, like that walking of the white-clad women in May, which Mr. Hardy compares to the Cerealia. It certainly does resemble the rite of the Thesmophoria. There are touches highly picturesque and telling, as when the red spot on the ceiling, no bigger than a postage stamp, widens into a broad splash of blood. The style is pellucid, as a rule, but there are exceptions. "Human mutuality" seems, to myself, an ill phrase. "There, behind the blue narcotic haze, sat 'the tragic mischief' of her drama, he who was to be the blood-red ray in the spectrum of her young life." Here is an odd mixture of science and literature. A face is, or rather is not, "furrowed with incarnated memories representing in hieroglyphic the centuries of her family's and England's history." "In those early days she had been much loved by others of her own sex and age, and had used to be seen about the village as one of three—all nearly of the same year—walking home from school side by side, Tess being the middle one—in a pink pinafore of a finely reticulated pattern, worn over a stuff frock that had lost its original colour for a nondescript tertiary—marching on upon long, stalky legs, in tight stockings which had little ladder-like holes at the knees, torn by kneeling in the roads and banks in search of vegetable and mineral treasures; her then earth-coloured hair hanging like pot-hooks; the arms of the two outside girls resting round the waist of Tess; her arms on the shoulders of the two supporters." The question is, does this give the picture intended, or is it a little confusing? Why people who are drinking beer should be said to "seek vinous bliss" is not apparent. A woman, at the public-house in the evening, finds her troubles "sinking to minor cerebral phenomena for quiet contemplation, in place of standing as pressing concretions which chafe body and soul." Here is the very reef on which George Eliot was wrecked. However, tastes differ so much that the blemishes, as they appear to one reader, of Mr. Hardy's works may seem beauty-spots in the eyes of another reader. He does but give us of his best, and if his best be too good for us, or good in the wrong way, if, in short, we are not *en rapport* with him, why, there are plenty of other novelists, alive and dead, and the fault may be on our side, not on his.

"No town ever so much deserved the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah," says the Chevalier Johnstone, rather severely, "as St. Andrews." It is full of the accursed race of Calvinists, hypocrites who cover over their

crimes with the veil of religion; fraudulent and dishonest in their dealings; who carry their holy dissimulation so far as to take off their bonnets to say grace when they take even a pinch of snuff; who have the name of God constantly in their mouths, and hell in their hearts." Fortunately, Dr. Boyd, in his *Twenty-five Years of St. Andrews* (Longmans, Vol. I.), does not find it necessary to speak so harshly as the Chevalier Johnstone. The volume contains reminiscences of the little town, and of many distinguished people who in Dr. Boyd's time have sojourned within her gates. Canon Liddon, some bishops, a few novelists, of whom Mr. Trollope was the most truculent, Dean Stanley, Mr. John Blackwood, many ministers, Prince Leopold, Mr. M. F. Tupper, Charles Kingsley, are only a few among the people spoken of; they have all peeped into the bottle dungeon, and some have climbed St. Regulus's Tower. It would not become me to pretend to review the book, for I am too much at home here. I knew St. Andrews before Dr. Boyd knew it, and when some former philosophers and scholars who died or migrated before Dr. Boyd's arrival were still living in the town which (in 1746) "deserved the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah." Everyone knows Dr. Boyd's style, it is not everyone who knows his anecdotes, nor would it be fair to pilfer one of them. Were I to "hesitate dislike" it would be dislike of one of Dr. Boyd's remarks about the late Principal Shairp. He made a different and happier impression on one then *in statu pupillari*, in spite of the natural antagonism between a student and a professor of ideas very remote from his own. But "let every man rouse the ford as he finds it." Perhaps the most amusing thing in the book is Dr. Boyd's laconic controversy about church organs. His opponent, though in other ways, perhaps, an estimable gentleman, was decidedly of the sect so much disliked by the Chevalier Johnstone. I promised not to steal an anecdote, but there is a delightful one of an evangelical person who, hearing *The Christian Year* mentioned, exclaimed, in pious horror, "*Filth, filth.*" For the rest, one really dare not say any more. One might let out one's opinion about Kate Kennedy, or one might become involved in controversy about Archbishop Shairp, and the gentlemen who

Executed
Murdered } the Archbishop.

There is one book among all these new books which kept a weary reviewer from his bed. That book is *Francis Cludde*, by Mr. Stanley Weyman. (Cassell and Co.) It is almost, if not quite, as good as the

author's *House of the Wolf.* All fathers, guardians, and uncles should buy a copy to keep, and another, or several others, to give away to boys.

ANDREW LANG.

THE DRAMA.

NO, the pilgrims who have been content to go to Stratford-on-Avon will not turn their steps towards Ghent. If M. Maurice Maeterlinck should ever bequeath a curse on relic-hunters, to be written on his tomb, the fulmination will be superfluous. Nobody will dream of disturbing his bones. With a refinement of cruelty which is unsurpassed in literature, some Parisian tormentor has averred that the *Princess Maleine* is more beautiful than anything in Shakespeare. As an instance of damning with great praise this is unique. The English reader owes to Mr. Heinemann's indefatigable enterprise a translation of this immortal work, and I am afraid "the Belgian Shakespeare's" ears will be frost-bitten by our insular wonder. There is, indeed, a suggestion of Shakespeare in the *Princess Maleine;* because this drama is the sort of composition which an uncanny schoolgirl might produce with her head full of *Hamlet* and *Macbeth.* Of dramatic significance there is none. A Belgian Lady Macbeth strangles the Princess, while a maudlin monarch looks on and makes such pregnant remarks as "I want to go. I will go. I will!" A flower-pot is blown off the window-sill, and a madman stares through the casement and says, "Oh, Oh, Oh!" The Princess and her nurse are shut up in a tower, and look through a hole in the wall. Then ensues this inspiring dialogue: "Can you see anything through the chinks?" "I can, I can—no! I can only see the sun." "Is it the sun?" "Ay, ay, it is the sun." And so on for seven mortal pages. The Princess meets her lover in the park, and they discourse in this inflammatory fashion: "I am afraid." "Yet we are in the park." "Are there walls round the park?" "To be sure, there are walls and ditches round the park." This Shakespeare of small-talk has evidently noticed that his characters are not teeming with ideas, so he thoughtfully provides them with a weather which always offers a refuge. There is a perpetual storm raging through the play, and when all other topics fail, the wind is a great comfort. Somebody goes to the door. "There is no one at the door." "Then it is the wind; it must be the wind." "I fancy it is the cypress." "Oh!" "Would it not be best for us to get indoors?"

"Yes, indeed." The prudence of this resolution is commendable, but for the purposes of drama these people might as well open umbrellas.

M. Maeterlinck's dialogue is not even original. We have all read it in the immortal Ollendorff. The anonymous persons who make artless inquiries for articles belonging to the gardener are the sources of the "Belgian Shakespeare's" inspiration. Besides the *Princess Maleine*, Mr. Heinemann has given us in the same volume an English version of *L'Intruse*. The idea of this little piece is certainly impressive in the imaginative way which belongs to ghost-stories. But the characters have as much individuality as the Ollendorffian prattlers about the gardener. They repeat one another with exasperating persistence. One of them is blind, and the others dwell on the affliction of blind people in general in this pathetic manner: "They think too much." "They have too much time to spare." "They have nothing else to do." "And, besides, they have no distractions." "That must be terrible." "Apparently one gets used to it." "I cannot imagine it." "They are certainly to be pitied." Death is the Intruder, who scares the swans and the nightingales, and is heard sharpening his scythe and opening the door. Now, this idea, such as it is, comes so perilously near burlesque that you half expect to find this conversation: "Have you seen the scared swans of my grandfather?" "No, but I have heard the weird nightingales of your aunt." "Have you eaten the gardener's croaking raven?" "No, but I have quaffed the butler's deadly pale ale."

After this there is poetry, passion, character, even in the least interesting scenes of *King Henry VIII.*; and, whoever was the journeyman playwright that fashioned this old chronicle, he is a good deal nearer Shakespeare than M. Maeterlinck. The action of *Henry VIII.* is not very coherent. Mr. Irving has preserved as much of the play as possesses any semblance of dramatic interest, and of the two or three momentous scenes he makes the most. But there is an old-fashioned crudity, a done-to-order air, about the story, which must have made Shakespeare smile rather grimly when he ran through it with an eye for some place where he might put a touch of the master hand. The incidents have little connection, and you find royal philanderings, divorces, executions, deaths, disgraces, and christenings strung together with the slightest possible chain of dramatic sequence. Buckingham is a pathetic figure at the Lyceum, but his fate is too abrupt and too isolated to be profoundly moving. There is no sufficient preparation for Wolsey's fall, and his character is drawn for the most part

in bare outline. Henry may have gone about the business of the divorce with the dignified statecraft of Mr. Froude, or with the haste of an impatient lover who rushes from a masque, where he has beheld his fair, into the presence of Cardinal Jeune. But on the stage, even with its hurried disregard of intervals and details, the transitions of this old play are a little too violent. I suppose we care a good deal more about natural dramatic evolution than playgoers did in the days of the Kembles, when your critic was willing to sit through any tedium in order to hear Mrs. Siddons exclaim: "My Lord Cardinal, to you I speak." But Mr. Irving has made a provision for our beguilement which would have delighted the writer of the old prologue, Fletcher or another, who promised the lovers of "only a show or two" that they should "see away their shilling richly in two short hours." The distinction of the Lyceum pageant is that it lends substance to the historical personages of the play. You, indeed, think

> "Ye see
> The very persons of our noble story
> As they were living; think you see them great,
> And followed with the general throng and sweat
> Of thousand friends."

Never have the pictorial arts of the stage been employed with greater skill to represent the life and movement of an historic period. The manager of the old Globe, who carried realism to such a pitch that the firing of his cannon in this very drama burnt down his theatre, would be enchanted if he could see the luxurious appointments of Wolsey's palace in Wellington-street. When Henry emerges from the crowd of masquers, casting the eye of a royal shepherd on that toothsome lamb, Anne Bullen, his banter of the Churchman's love of pomp and the mock humility of his host certainly does not lose its point in the magnificence of the scene. There is no room here for the old complaint that on the modern stage dramatic art is stifled by its suits and trappings. The very richness of the show is the most perfect setting of Wolsey's pride, and throws an ironical light on the "inventory" of his goods which in his ruin he submitted to the King. Mr. Irving's portrait of fallen ambition belongs to his most intellectual work. In his Cardinal there is no touch of "the butcher's son," though why this particular meanness should be looked for I do not know. Do butchers' sons, who have risen by force of character and education to great offices of State, usually carry about with them some suggestion of the paternal pole-axe? Ought Wolsey to don a

blue apron as an undress relaxation from his scarlet robe? Manifestly the dramatist uses the butcher-fable simply to show the animosity of the Cardinal's enemies who were not nice in their vocabulary; and Mr. Irving properly disregards this as a feature of Wolsey's personality. As for Miss Ellen Terry's Katherine, it is womanly and touching, and can make nobody long for the traditional fury of the part.

There is not, I fear, as much fun in *The Mountebanks* as Mr. Gilbert's admirers, of whom I am one of the most vociferous, had reason to expect. New ideas are not plentiful in the libretto, though there is one startling innovation which will not, I trust, take root in comic opera. Mr. Lionel Brough represents a gentleman who is supposed to be suffering from slow poison, and his spasms and writhings are manifestly designed to provoke convulsions of merriment in the audience. Hitherto burlesque has contented itself with humorous allusions to the poisoned bowl, but Mr. Gilbert goes further and bids us roar at the physical effects of the draught. Perhaps the drollery of hanging will tickle Mr. Gilbert's fancy in his next work, with jests which may be vastly appreciated by Mr. Berry. The most diverting personages in *The Mountebanks* are the clock-work figures of Hamlet and Ophelia; but isn't it rather late in the day to travesty Shakespeare? Even "A. B. W." (whose *Playhouse Impressions* are such delightful reading), though he nurses a grudge against Hamlet, will scarcely say that he finds a relief in Mr. Gilbert's clock-work from Mr. Beerbohm Tree's soliloquies. But what has alarmed me most in *The Mountebanks* is not the physiological study of poison, nor even the prospect that Mr. Gilbert may take Shakespeare's characters seriatim and show their funny insides. It is the threat that the old Savoyard humourist is degenerating into the satirist of the cross-grained type. When Mr. Gilbert was working with Sir Arthur Sullivan, I suppose his savage breast was soothed by that genial musician. But Alfred Cellier seems to have had no power to prevent the librettist from indulging in extravagant antipathy to dukes. I have no desire to screen dukes from odium, if they deserve it; but it is surely plain that comic opera ought not to be a ducal pillory. The badinage about the House of Lords in *Iolanthe* was appropriate enough, but there is nothing playful in this outbreak against a duke:—

> "His rank he may drag through the mud:
> If his life is depravity's essence,
> After all, it is mere effervescence
> Of uncorked aërated blue blood."

Mr. Cellier did not live to set this to music, and probably he felt that such a note of ill-humour did not inspire melody. If a duke is so bad that his life is "depravity's essence," he should be taken in hand by the proper castigators. I can give Mr. Gilbert their names and addresses, and I entreat him to leave "depravity" to them.

Poison is at work in two London theatres. If you don't like Mr. Lionel Brough's tortures you can watch the effect of the arsenic which Miss Olga Nethersole administers to Mr. H. B. Irving in Mr. Sydney Grundy's piece, *A Fool's Paradise*, at the Garrick. This is an excellent specimen of the play which, unlike the poet, is made and not born. The poisoner is an adventuress whose likeness you will find in Miss Braddon, but Mr. Grundy is too good a craftsman to make her so obtrusive as ladies of this class usually are on the stage. Most of her time she is a subdued gentlewoman who devotes herself to her husband and needlework, and makes feline remarks to Mr. Hare, to which he responds with his best repartee. The weak point of *A Fool's Paradise* is that the poisoner is not suspected, even when she gives herself away (what a blessed Americanism that is!) at a critical moment. Moreover, she is a guileless being who runs into Mr. Hare's little mousetrap, though the toasted cheese is a manifest fraud. But so workmanlike is the play, and so admirably acted, that it is a refreshment after some pieces with twice its ambition and less than half its skill. If Mr. Comyns Carr had told his story with Mr. Grundy's craft, *Forgiveness* would be a much better work. I have heard echoes of Mr. Carr's discontent with critics who suggest that his plot is not lucid. They seem to have tied themselves up in knots with Mr. Carr's law of entail. Legal puzzles have an abnormal attraction for the dramatist; but I find *Forgiveness* clear enough, except in the curious behaviour of the hero. When Mr. Alexander made love to Miss Marion Terry, and gave her a family relic, I thought he showed excellent grace as well as a charming sentiment. But when he allowed himself to be called a forger and an impostor, and to be turned out of the house at the instance of a scamp, merely in order that his transfiguration might come later on in the piece, I felt that Mr. Carr had gone wrong in his dramatic evolution. If he does not convince us that at such a crisis the hero would have accepted this unmerited obloquy, Mr. Carr fails in his main purpose. I think he has failed; but *Forgiveness* is an original, if not a very plausible play, and your original playwright in these decayed times is entitled to respect, and even awe.